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Alice in Snowmansland

"Which head is mine?" the Mad Hatter asked in a perplexed tone, scratching the snowman's head by mistake.

"I get so confused," he went on, "what with my hat being on the snowman's head, and the Guinness head not having a hat."

"Oh, but you can always tell the head of a Guinness," cried Alice. "See how rich and creamy it is!"

"Wonderful," exclaimed the Hatter, "it reminds me of . . . it's something like . . . let me see . . ."

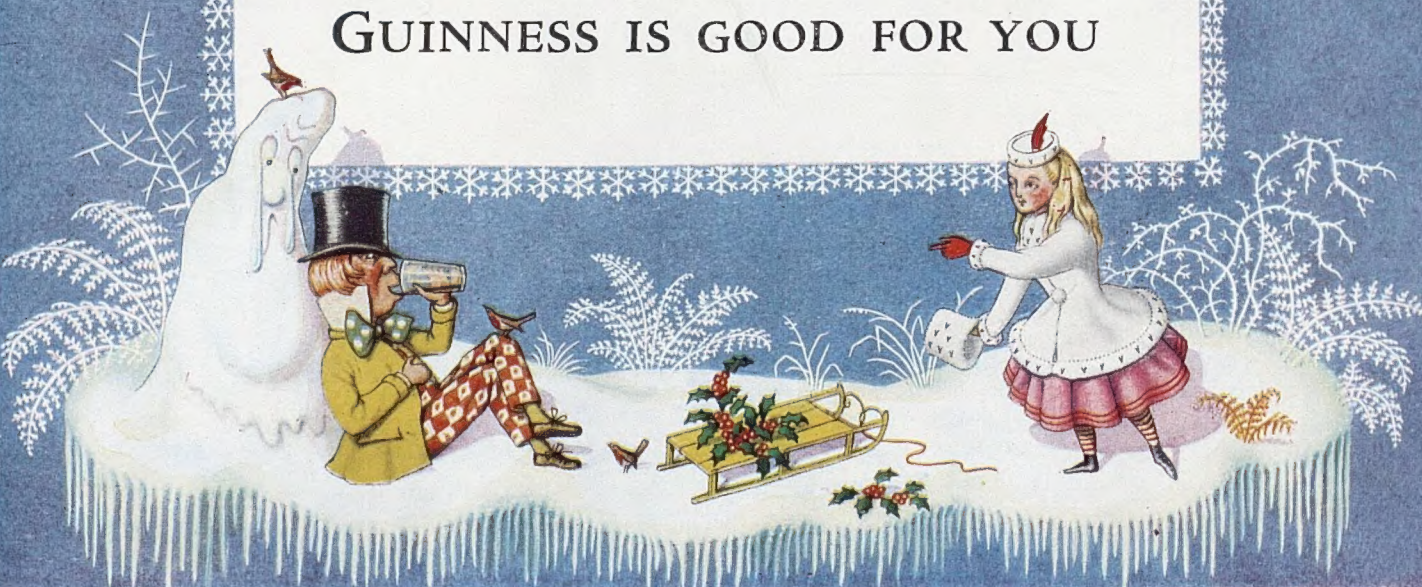
"But there's nothing like a Guinness," said Alice.

"I didn't say there was," replied the Hatter. "I said a Guinness was Something Like." He smacked his lips approvingly.

"Oh, won't you give the snowman some?" cried Alice. "He's got such a melting expression."

The Hatter shook his head. "I'm not as mad as all that," he said, as he finished the glass.

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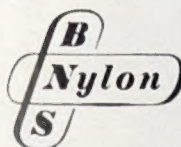
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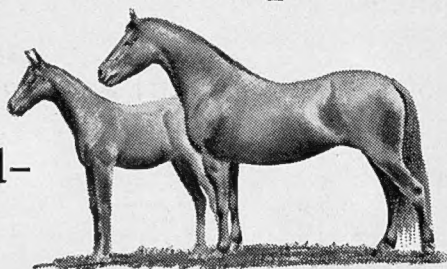
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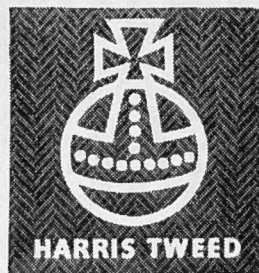


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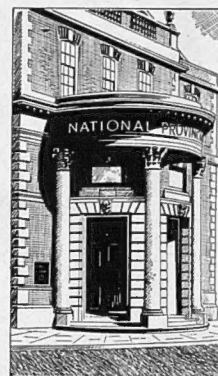
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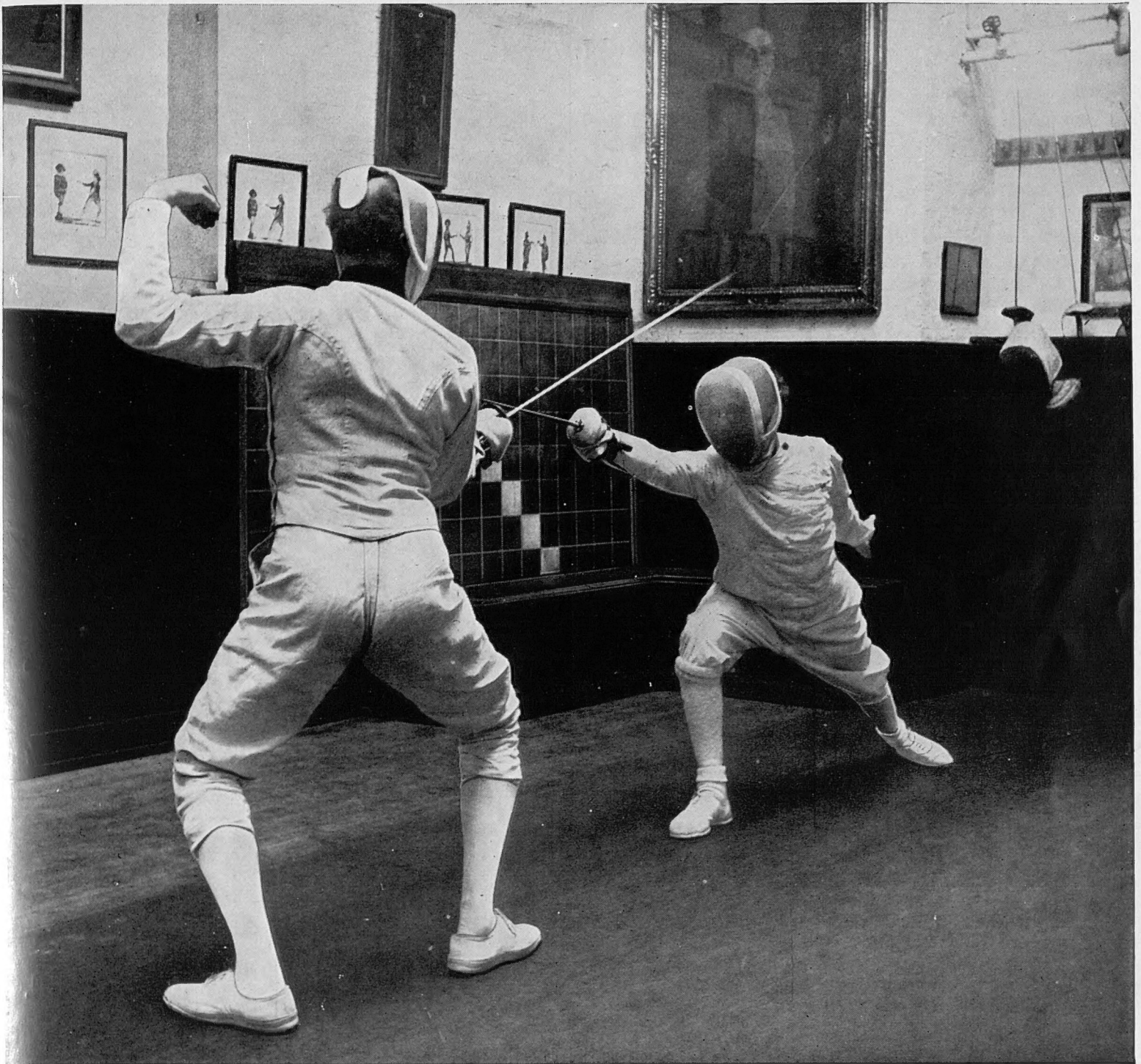
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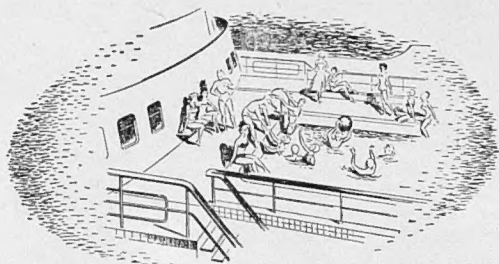


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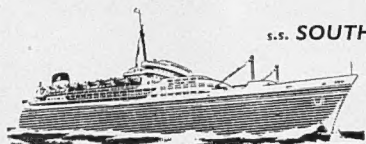


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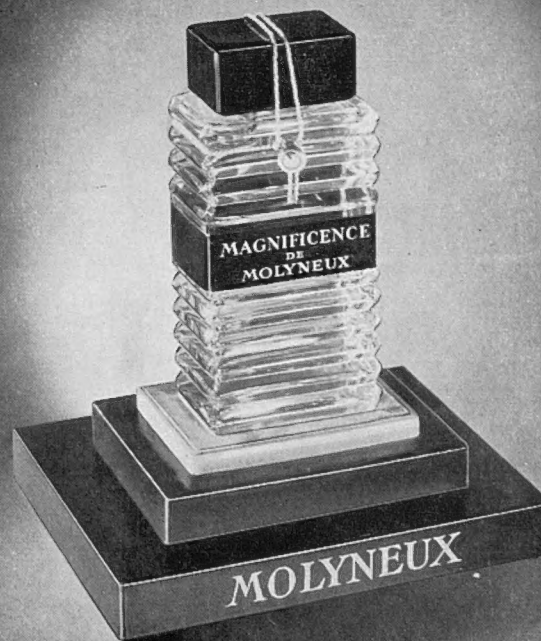
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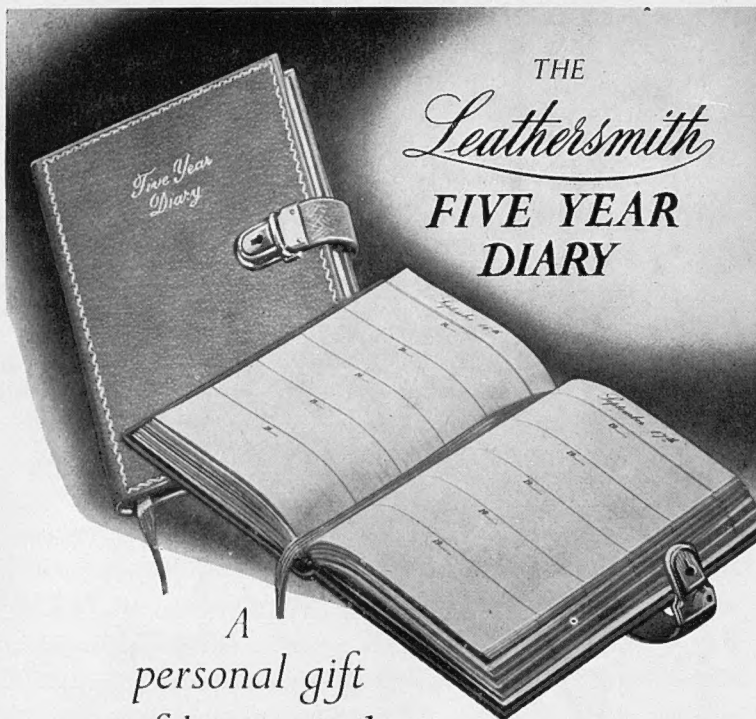


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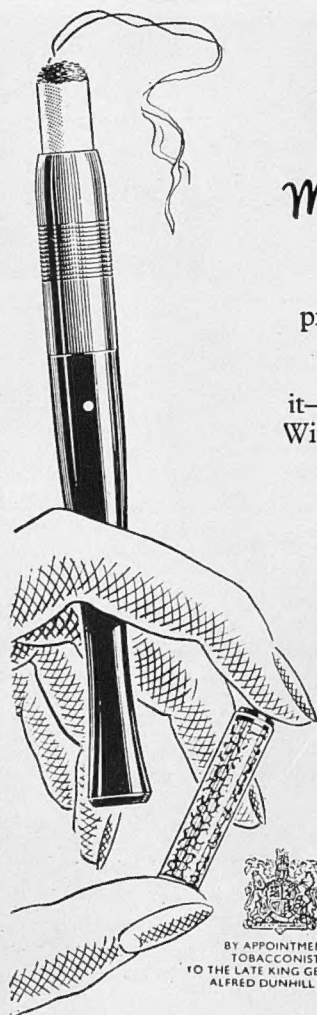
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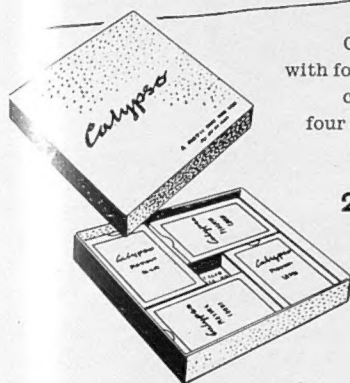


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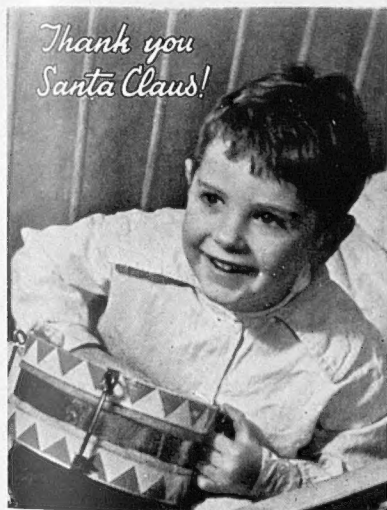
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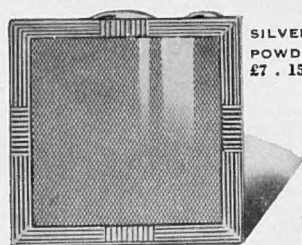
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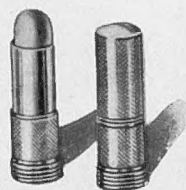
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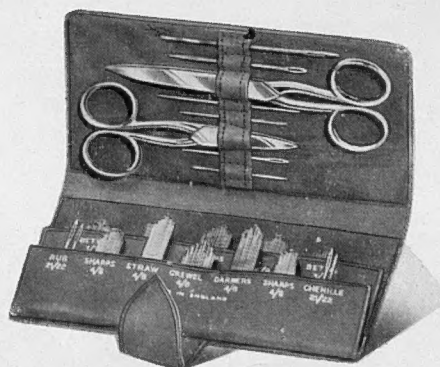
14'	A	lert	MK VI
12'	B	ounty	
10'	C	ronet	MK II
16'6"	D	emocrat	MK II
18'6"	E	versure	
22'	F	ortune	



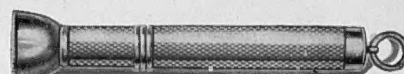
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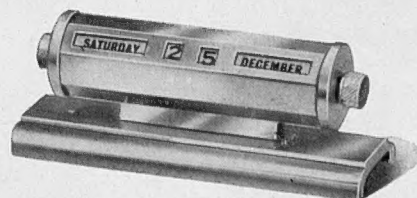
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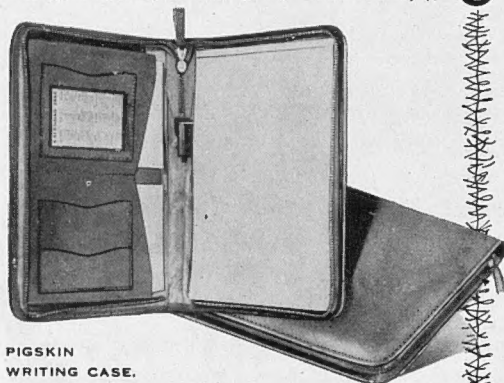
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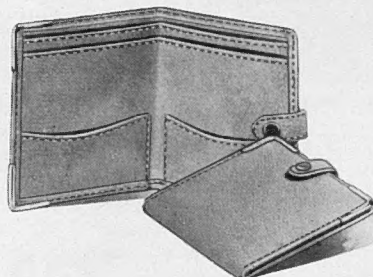
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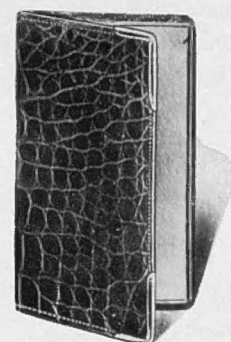
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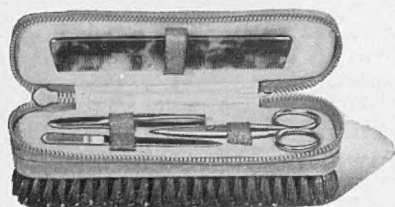
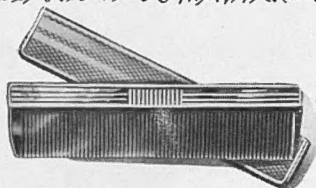


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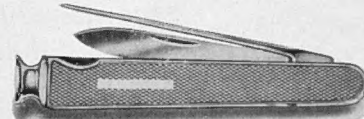
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Lenore

Lord Eskdaill and his Mother

THE Countess of Dalkeith, wife of the heir to the Duke of Buccleuch, with her son, who was christened Richard Walter John by the Bishop of Edinburgh last April. The godparents were H.R.H. Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Northumberland, who is a sister of Lord Dalkeith, Earl Granville, Mr. Ian Gilmour and Mr. John Synge. The family dates back to 1296 and the dukedom to 1663

COMING OUT NEXT YEAR

MISS BRIDGET CASEY, who will be seventeen next year, is to share a dance in June with Miss Jane Codrington and Miss Rose Nicholson. At present at finishing school in France, she is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. A. S. Casey, of Market Overton, Rutland. Her mother is a daughter of Viscount Monsell and Sybil Viscountess Monsell



Betty Swabe

Social Journal

Jennifer

A DRESS SHOW BEFORE ROYALTY

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, recently visited a display of dresses arranged by the twelve top British designers. It is an annual event, and usually takes place in a private residence, the venue this year being Viscountess Camrose's house in Carlton House Terrace.

Viscountess Camrose is the mother-in-law of Lady Pamela Berry, the very chic and capable President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, which is limited to the twelve leading British couturiers, who were responsible for the show. This Society, which was founded after the war, has done wonderful work in furthering the prestige of British clothes all over the world.

At the show, each designer displayed five models. Exceptionally beautiful floral décor had been arranged for the occasion by Mrs.

Cazalet-Keir and Mr. Felix Harbord. Banks of flowers lined the entrance hall, where the white pillars were entwined with garlands of greenery and orange flowers, and even the wrought-iron lift cage had been transformed into an orangery, with evergreens and real oranges. Trailing ivy cleverly concealed the stands of the floodlights while bowls of chrysanthemums and lilies filled the spacious first-floor drawing-room where the show took place.

LADY PAMELA BERRY escorted the Royal guests to their chairs at the end of the room, and among those with whom the Queen Mother discussed the clothes and the British textiles on view were the two Royal dress designers, Mr. Norman Hartnell, whose models included a very sumptuous white wool coat with a white mink collar, and for the finale a spectacular primrose-scattered lime yellow and white tulle picture dress, and Mr.

Hardy Amies, whose four models opened the show. These included a really beautiful top coat in bright red Yorkshire wool Ottoman trimmed with beaver over a red worsted dress, and an exquisitely fresh garden party dress of blue cornflowers printed on white Cumberland nylon.

THE other ten couturiers showing included John Cavanagh, Charles Creed, Lachasse, Mattli, Michael, who showed a lush gold lamé cocktail dress with a ranch mink coat, and Digby Morton, who had designed some charming models including a sleeveless cocktail dress and long coat in pink Cumberland cotton, invaluable for anyone visiting the West Indies, Bahamas, or any other warm climate this spring. The other couturiers were Ronald Paterson, Michael Sherard, who showed a practical, and yet pretty, proofed shantung top coat, the answer to a showery Ascot, Victor Stiebel, whose white lace lined, black velvet coat

came in for favourable comment, and Worth.

Among guests invited to this special showing were Mme. Massigli, the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mme. Brosio, Lady Pamela's mother, Margaret Countess of Birkenhead, and her sisters-in-law the Countess of Birkenhead and Lady Sherwood, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Viscountess Kilmuir, Lady Shawcross, Mrs. W. S. Morrison and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who had attended the dress rehearsal in the morning, when representatives of many women's papers, and others interested in fashion, were present.

★ ★ ★

I WENT up to Newmarket for the beginning of the Newmarket December Sales. Bloodstock buyers came from across the Atlantic, the English and the Irish Channels, and record prices were made, even in the first hour. The reason for this rush was that valuable mares, foals and horses in training belonging to the late Mr. John Dewar were among the 1,100 lots to be sold during the week. Many people feared that all these horses would be leaving this country, but happily some of the best have been bought by patriotic British buyers.

As early as 9.30 a.m. on the Monday morning, the Hon. John Coventry opened the sales, selling the late Mr. Dewar's mare Commotion, the first of thirteen lots from this stud, for 6,300 gns. A little later bidding became so swift that Mr. Angus McCall, bidding on behalf of Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, could not get a bid in until the foal had reached 14,500 gns. He eventually obtained her for 19,000 gns., another record. Mrs. Graham, who has the Maine Chance Farm in U.S.A., was delighted with her purchase when I saw her later, wearing a mink coat over her suit, talking to her trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

ALTHOUGH prices on the whole were good for the rest of the day, bidding seemed rather subdued after the flying start. A good hot lunch in the new luncheon room adjoining the sale ring was much appreciated by many buyers and sellers present. These included the Marchioness of Cambridge, Major Macdonald-Buchanan, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Sir Eric Ohlson, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mrs. Gordon Houghton, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Montagu lunching with Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby, and Brig. and Mrs. Wyatt. Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall had many friends to lunch at Heath Villa, which they take during Newmarket race weeks and for the sales. Their guests on the first day included the U.S. buyers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kleberg, Mrs. Hanes and Mrs. Graham, also the Hon. Jakey Astor and his pretty Argentine-born wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Callaghan, the Hon. Richard Stanley, Mrs. Jean Garland, Mr. Rory and Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall and his brother Roderick.

NEXT morning the first thirteen lots, including last summer's Oaks winner Festoon, were again from the late Mr. Dewar's stud, and before 9 a.m. the seats all round the sale ring were filled. Besides nearly all those I have already mentioned, other personalities of the racing world present included the Earl and Countess of Derby sitting next to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. David Wills, Mr. Adrian Scrope, Mr. Dick Poole, Lord Howard de Walden, Lady Irwin, Lord and Lady Hothfield, Mr. Jeremy Tree, Mr. John Ferguson, Mr. Clifford Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Lord Astor, Mrs. Robin Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Forsyth Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Cripps, Mr. David McCall and his brother Angus, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lilley and the Countess of Durham.

Mr. Kenneth Watt was in the auctioneer's box that morning, and at 9.15 a.m. the sale started with an opening bid of 6,000 gns. from Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall for the mare Phaetonia; she was eventually knocked down to Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort for 15,500 gns. Bidding continued briskly, and then came perhaps the most tense moment of the week. Everyone knew that American buyers were after the three-year-old filly Festoon, which although it would bring dollars to this country, also meant that this valuable blood would be lost to British bloodstock breeding.

There was silence as the bidding opened at 25,000 gns. and went on quietly and regularly across the rostrum until she was finally knocked down at 36,000 gns., a world record, to Mr. Anthony Askew, who lives in Sussex. We all hope he will have the best of luck and breed many good winners from her to uphold the prestige of British bloodstock.

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JUST before she went into the London Clinic for a sinus operation, the Duchess of Argyll gave a delightful small cocktail party at her home in Upper Grosvenor Street. The Duke of Argyll was there to help his wife and their guests included the Spanish Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador and Signor Livio Theodoli, Minister-Counsellor at the Italian Embassy, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Winn, and Mr. Patrick and the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo who will soon have their young family home for the holidays. Also present were Mr. "Chips" Channon and Mr. John Foster, Q.C., who were having a short break from the House of Commons, Lord Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Sir Anthony Weldon and the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile.

The Duchess of Argyll's doctor wants her to take a holiday in the sunshine early in the New Year. She will soon have her son and daughter, Bryan, who is at Ampleforth, and Frances, who is finishing in Paris and promises to be one of the prettiest of next season's debutantes, home for Christmas, which they are all going to spend in London.

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IT was a stirring evening at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, from the moment when the orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent played the first notes of Sir William Walton's first and very impressive tragic opera, *Troilus And Cressida*, to the roar of applause after the final curtain. This new work is a triumph for British music, and the tremendous ovation Sir William received at the end was indeed well deserved.

One felt, too, that the whole opera was lovingly produced and performed. Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was conducting at Covent Garden for the first time since 1936, was inspired throughout. Sir Hugh Casson's scenery was delightful, and Magda Laszlo the beautiful Hungarian soprano, who unlike many singers has a lovely figure, sang and acted *Cressida* to perfection. No one would have known, unless they had been told, that Peter Pears rose from a sick bed to sing his role of Pandarus, so gaily did he fill the part, while Richard Lewis was an admirable *Troilus*. The production by George Devine was universally praised.

Every seat was filled and many were standing to hear this new masterpiece. In the Royal Box with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley were the Duchess of Buccleuch, looking as always beautiful and wearing her magnificent turquoise and diamond necklace, ear-rings and brooch on her evening dress, Mary Duchess of



THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY held a reception recently. Sir Thomas Cook, founder and chairman, was here with Mme. Hakki, Lady Cook and H.E. Abdul Rahman Hakki, the Egyptian Ambassador



Viscount Hereford, who is the premier Viscount of England, was there with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux



The Hon. Lady Fox, Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller, Lt.-Gen. R. G. Stone and Maj.-Gen. J. Pollock were among the four hundred guests

Swaabe

[Continued overleaf]



Sir Edward Peacock, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, Lord Huntingfield and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer at the reception



The Hon. Mrs. Peter Vanneck and her husband, who is Lord Huntingfield's younger son, exchanging news with Mrs. Peter Hanbury



Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong was entertaining Mrs. Norman Robertson, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, and Mrs. Armstrong

Continuing The Social Journal

A supper party at the Royal Opera

Roxburghe in grey, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Peter Lubbock and two other friends. Prince Georg of Denmark and his wife sat on the other side of the theatre where Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark had a party of friends in a box.

THE Earl and Countess of Harewood were there, also Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Forbes escorted by Mr. Maurice Codner and Sir Alan and Lady Herbert. Also in the stalls were the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, the Argentine Ambassador, the Countess of Rosebery, Lady Birley, the Hon. Anthony Asquith and Lady Crosfield escorted by Mr. Anthony Gishford. I also saw Mr. Norman Bohn, Lady Dashwood and Mr. and Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin, who had just arrived from America and frequently had to stop and have a word with friends.

Many of those I have already mentioned went upstairs later to a fork supper party in the Crush Bar, where they were able personally to congratulate Sir William Walton and Sir Malcolm Sargent, who were both surrounded by friends. Quiet and charming Argentine-born Lady Walton was sharing in her husband's congratulations, and others there included Mr. Somerset Maugham, sitting on the stairs eating his supper with Viscountess Moore, Lady Olivier looking lovely in a white evening dress, Lady Charlotte Bonham-Carter, the Hon. James Smith who had managed to get near a table for supper, the Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy, who is now Sir Malcolm Sargent's secretary, the Hon. Alistair and Mrs. Boyd and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell.

★ ★ ★

SIR THOMAS and Lady Cook received the five hundred guests of the Anglo-Egyptian Society at the reception given to meet H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador and his charming wife Mme. Hakki. The Lord Mayor was an early arrival, as he had to go on to another engagement. I

met the Argentine Ambassador, also having to leave for another party, the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux and her son Viscount Hereford, Col. J. Hulme-Taylor the City Marshal, and Lady Marshall-Cornwall, who spent some years in Egypt when her husband, General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall, had an appointment there. She was talking to Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Lady Bird.

Sir Otto and Lady Lund came along early as did Mrs. Peatrice Grosvenor, who now spends much of the year in Ireland. She was on her way to a theatre. Lord Huntingfield was there and his daughter Myra Lady Fox. Lord Sempill, wearing his kilt, came with Lady Sempill, who was in black, and I also saw Lord and Lady Grantchester, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Sir Danvers and Lady Osborn, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. R. G. Stone, Maj.-Gen. Jocelyn Pollock, and Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, who were all meeting friends, some of whom they had not seen since they were in Egypt. Among the large number of Members of Parliament present were Mr. A. D. Dodds Parker, Cdr. Ronald Scott-Miller and his wife, Sir Alfred Bossom, Sir Jocelyn Lucas with Lady Lucas, and Sir Wavell Wakefield and his wife.

The Wakefields had very kindly lent their home in Upper Brook Street the night before for a party given to students from the B.W.I., including the Bahamas, Trinidad and many other parts of the Commonwealth by the Young

Conservative Council for London. Several M.P.s were present at that party, too, including the Rt. Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies. About fifty Young Conservatives were there to entertain over two hundred students who are here to study law, medicine, accountancy, electronics—in fact nearly every kind of profession, which in due course will no doubt enable them to become leading citizens in their own countries.

★ ★ ★

PARENTS bravely stood in the worst mud imaginable to watch the Lower Boys football, the Wall Game and field game at Eton on St. Andrew's Day. Floods were so bad at the time, around this district, that it was fortunate the games were even possible. The day began with the Lower Boy Final, which was won by Mr. Chamier's XI who beat Mr. Headley's XI. The Wall Game before lunch, the 114th, once again ended in a draw with no score, the players soon becoming so caked in mud as to be unrecognizable. They included the Hon. Conrad S. R. Russell, keeper of the College wall, F. G. Markham, T. P. Osborne, D. O. J. S. Lort-Phillips, P. D. Hart-Davies, D. A. L. Caccia, keeper of the Oppidan wall, and Viscount Chelsea, who was enjoying his last half at Eton. He has been "keeper of the Field" for what has been a most successful season, and a record of seventy-two years standing has been broken, as the school won every match of the season, and so achieved what no Field has done since 1882.

Earl and Countess Cadogan were among parents down for the day, and had a big family party for lunch and tea at Rowlands. The Cockpit, the Old House in Windsor, the Hinds Head at Bray, and the Guards Club at Maidenhead which opened especially for the day, were all popular as warm rendezvous for lunch or for tea after another rather damp and chilly sojourn watching the Oxford and Cambridge O.E.'s match, which was won by the latter team.

Sir Giles and Lady Loder were down to spend the day with their sons, and other parents there included Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, who had come over especially from their home in Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, Mrs. J. A. Palmer-Tompkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger, whose younger son



The best man, Mr. Peter Wake, was keeping a benevolent eye on the three enchanting child bridesmaids: Georgina Bell, Charlotte Vanneck, the daughter of the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Vanneck, and Theresa Tabor



Mrs. D. Cory-Wright talking to the bride's mother and father, Sir Patrick and Lady Ashley Cooper, at Claridge's. Behind is Mr. D. Cory-Wright

Anthony was fencing for the school. Also Lord and Lady Herbert and their son Henry, Lady Anne Southby and Mrs. Brocas Burrows.

Pictures of the Wall Game will be found on pages 706-7.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. HENRY TIARKS, who have a very spacious flat in Hyde Park Gardens with a really big drawing-room, always give the most enjoyable cocktail parties. They usually have interesting guests, too, with varied interests. At a recent party they gave, when Mrs. Tiarks looked enchanting in a black off-the-shoulder cocktail dress, their guests were the Ambassadors of the Argentine, Italy, Chile and Cuba, Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, the former Chilean Ambassador who was over here on a business visit, Mr. Walton Butterworth, Minister at the U.S. Embassy, and Mrs. Butterworth, Mr. Edmund de Rothschild, Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, Mr. Edward Holland-Martin and the Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Housing and Local Government, and his wife.

Near neighbours at the party included Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Midleton, the Countess of Ronaldshay, Viscount Duncannon and Sir Neville and Lady Pearson who have a flat in the same building. A member of the Opposition, the Rt. Hon. Hector McNeil, came along, also Sir Norman Gwatkin, a stalwart figure from the Lord Chamberlain's office, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., M.P., and Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder.

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES, whose interests in the motor industry are world-wide, was a guest, and Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, who has also devoted his time to business, much of it international, since he left the Diplomatic Corps, was there with his good-looking wife. Others present included Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Lord and Lady Barnby, Lady Hoyer-Miller, whose husband came over from Germany a few days later, Mr. Michael Lubbock, Sir John Huggins, whose wife was away in Scotland in the constituency for which she has been adopted, Lady Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, who are going to one of their lovely villas at La Garoupe for Christmas and are then off to their house on the Round Hill estate at Montego Bay in January, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys and Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior. Brig. Senior has interests in the shipping world.



Van Hallan

MARRIED AT ST. GEORGE'S

MR. AND MRS. RALPH SEROCOLD cut their cake. The bride, Miss Patricia Ashley Cooper, is the daughter of a director of the Bank of England, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Brig.-Gen. Pearce-Serocold and of the Hon. Mrs. Serocold



The Earl of Northesk, with his labrador Jupiter of Ethie, during the International Gundog Trials at Druid's Lodge, Wilts



Scotney Dusty, owned by Mr. J. Arthur Rank, was the winner of the Kennel Club Open Stake

FIELD TRIALS HAVE MADE THE GUNDOG

• The Earl of Northesk •

THE author, an authority on his subject, explains the system which has made gundogs the greatest asset of a shoot



Hallingbury Plover, a labrador owned by Mr. Vincent Routledge, was the winner of the Bergholt Challenge Cup for the Best Puppy



Dr. J. Hurndall-Gann's labrador F. T. Champion Oxendon Dan was winner of the Stake, the Charles Alington Memorial Cup and the Glen Kidston Challenge Cup

FIELD trials were originally devised with the object of improving the work of gundogs, and societies have been formed all over the country and registered at the Kennel Club to hold such trials.

That they have, in a great measure, achieved this cannot be denied and, to quote but one example, few shooting men today would be satisfied with a retriever which had to be tied to their waist during a drive and "slipped" to retrieve the game shot. This steadiness is the direct result of the training which is necessary in order to do well in field trials.

The Kennel Club Field Trials Committee is the ruling body of the sport and suggestions for changes in the conduct of field trials or criticism from the various field trial societies are conveyed to this committee.

There are three main varieties of gundog: the retriever, the spaniel and pointers and setters, and so three types of field trial are held, basically the same, but differing so as to give the dogs the type of work for which they have been specially bred and trained, but in each type under conditions as nearly as possible such as would be found during a day's shooting. There are Open Stakes in which any dog may compete and others restricted to novices, non-winners or puppies, as well as special stakes for novice handlers, so that the beginner, both human and canine, is well catered for.

THE chief qualities required in a good retriever, which these trials are designed to foster, are nose, brains, determination and mouth.

Without a nose a retriever will not be able to find game and in particular wounded game which *must* be picked up quickly and which may have run.

Brains are almost as important as nose, as although a gundog may have the latter, he

will not have the sense to use it to the best advantage without the former. Without brains he will be a poor "marker" and, most important, will not remember the fall of the birds at the end of a drive.

Determination means that a dog will go on hunting, even when tired or on a bad scenting day, until called up, also that he will boldly face punishing cover when required.

Mouth is placed last of these qualities as, although it is naturally preferable that the game should be brought to hand without being bruised or bitten, the most important thing is that it should be recovered, especially if wounded, even if slightly nipped.

These same qualities are required in spaniels, while for pointers and setters, though "mouth" does not apply, the other qualities are equally important and in their case I would add "stamina"—the ability to go on hunting the ground at a good gallop during a long and often hot day.

NOW for a brief description of the type of work each variety is normally expected to do.

The retriever, as its name implies, is required to find and bring to hand the game shot by his master. They are mostly used at the bigger organized shoots where the birds are driven over the guns and so must be absolutely steady during the drive, should mark and remember the fall of each bird shot and have the nose to find them when sent out at the end of the drive.

The spaniel is ideal for the smaller or rough shoot. He can take the place of one or more beaters or, working the ground in front of one or two walking guns, will flush the game, fur or feather, stand fast as the gun fires and then retrieve to hand when told. The larger spaniels, such as springers, are often used in place of retrievers at larger shoots. This steadiness is again the result of the training necessary in order to do well at field trials.

Lastly, we have pointers and setters which, though two entirely separate breeds, work in



Staxigoe Seawaif delivers a hare to her owner and handler, Mr. D. Mackenzie of Dundee, at the Scottish Field Trials Society spaniel trials at Rossie Priory, Inchture, Perthshire

exactly the same way. Their work is probably the most spectacular of all and it is a lovely sight to see two of these dogs quartering the ground at full gallop, suddenly freezing to the "point" on winding their game and finally creeping up to flush the game for the gun or guns. They are mostly used on the moors of Scotland or northern England, though excellent sport can be had shooting over them in large stubble or grass fields and they have very much come into their own in the present-day fields of combine stubble. The retrieving when shooting over pointers or setters is generally done by retrievers, walking to heel till needed.

I should like to stress here that at field trials, and all properly run shoots, wounded game is always picked up first and as quickly as possible.

WE now come to the organization and running of field trials. I will first describe a trial for retrievers and then point out how spaniel and pointer and setter trials differ from this.

At a retriever trial there are three judges with two guns shooting for each, six in all. Two dogs at a time come into the line under each judge—they are called in, in the numerical order of the draw—and then, as a rule, two retrievers are replaced by two more. After all, the dogs in the Stake have been tried under at least two of the judges, elimination of those which are obviously not going to figure in the award list can be begun, while the remainder are given further work under all three judges until they have seen sufficient to enable them to make their awards. These are generally four money prizes, and Certificates of Merit to those other dogs which have done sufficiently well to merit them.

The ideal ground for such a trial is fields of roots, or stubbles or rough grass which are walked up in line, the game being shot as it is flushed and the whole line halting while the retrieve is made. An occasional drive is helpful by imposing an additional test of steadiness and, if the birds can be dropped into thick cover, by showing up any dog which is shy of thick, punishing undergrowth. Where possible a water test should always be included

as the retrieving of game out of or from across water is one of the most important of a retriever's duties. A steady rise of game throughout the trial is preferable to a large flush here and there, as in this case so much may be shot all at once that a dog can hardly fail to bring back something to hand. A very large bag is not necessary for a successful trial—a total bag of seventy-five head each day, fur and feather, well spread out, will be ample.

SPANIEL trials differ in that there are generally only two judges, with a referee and four guns, and the dogs are worked one or two at a time. It will be all walking up and the ground will be such as spaniels would normally be expected to work over, thick cover, rough grass or bracken, etc.

Pointer and setter trials, again, would be held over moorland or open country with two judges, and the dogs are run against each other in pairs. These trials are generally held in the spring or early autumn and the birds are often not shot, a blank being fired when either of the dogs makes a proper flush. They must, of course, be absolutely steady to fur.

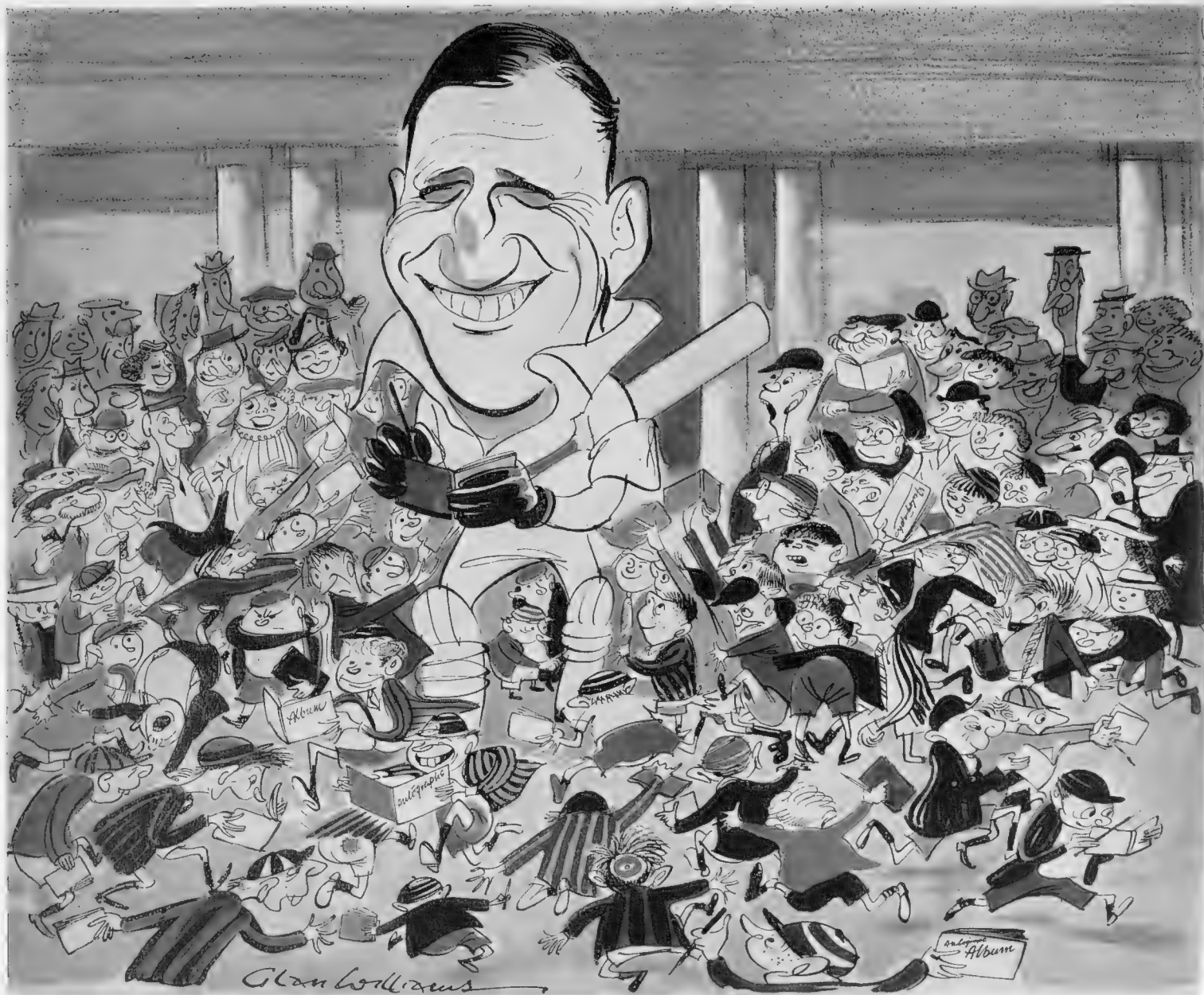
Championship stakes are held towards the end of the season for the three varieties of gundog, and to compete in these, dogs must have won an award in certain Open Stakes during the season. The respective championships are organized by: for retrievers, the International Gundog League; for spaniels, the Kennel Club; and for pointers and setters, the International Gundog League Pointer and Setter Society and the Scottish Field Trials Society, alternately. The retriever championship trials are taking place this week, December 15, 16 and 17, in Suffolk and Norfolk.

To obtain the title of "Field Trial Champion" a dog must win two Open Stakes which carry this qualification for the championship.

Finally, I should like to refer to all those landowners throughout Great Britain who so generously give their ground for field trials and to whom all field trial societies and competitors are sincerely grateful.



H.M. The Queen's Hiwood Jet, winner of the Essex Field Trials Society's non-winner Stake



LEONARD HUTTON despite the pummeling he has taken from the "wise after the event" school after the Brisbane Test is likely to remain, as the cartoonist has shown, the *beau sabreur* of cricketing youth. They, above all, will watch the Sydney Test, due to start on Friday, with a painful anxiety which may turn at any moment to exceeding joy. A dyed-in-the-wool Yorkshireman, from Pudsey, near Bradford, Hutton first played for his county in 1934 and his first Test was versus New Zealand in 1937. Next year he made the Test record score of 364 against Australia at the Oval, a feat that has made his fame at the wicket secure for all time. Last year, England, under his captaincy won the Ashes, and the present series is therefore a supreme test

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

IN the throes of buying presents—*o tempora! o mores!*—I fell to thinking about the worst Christmas gifts I have ever come across.

One year some wicked friend sent me an Indian mynah bird, a black evil thing with beady eyes and yellow wattles.

It would sit on the curtain pelmet staring at me, saying from time to time in a cracked voice of doom "Not on your life!" Every time the typewriter bell pinged at the end of a line it would ping, too. And every time I ripped a page out of

the machine in despair and anger it would make a ripping noise. *And groan.*

I sent it to the zoo, where it is now torturing the inmates of the small bird house.

Then there was a friend who was given a dancer for Christmas. He was told he could take her out for the evening, but he must have her home by midnight. So alarmed was the poor man by this gift that he lost his head, took her to a gay party, began to show off and in demonstrating to her how a ballet lift should be

done dropped her on her head. She is a famous dancer, and the poor man went into a decline of anxiety that lasted until New Year's Day.

ANOTHER friend told his secretary to send his wife £5 of flowers. The silly girl somehow managed to understand that he wanted a corsage and his poor, dutiful wife arrived to meet him for dinner wearing a chain of orchids that stretched from her neck to her navel. They had a miserable evening and when

she got home she put this monstrous bower in the fridge. Next night, entertaining, she took it out, cut it up and pinned a piece to the shoulder of each woman guest. But there had been soles in the fridge and at the restaurant nobody could understand why a smell of strong Billingsgate came from the corner where the party sat. The poor wife was near tears.

Presents can be hell.

★ ★ ★

LORD HAILSHAM said he wanted to throw Graham Sutherland in the Thames after seeing the portrait of Sir Winston Churchill. I don't know whether that would prove anything, but I was interested in this gentleman's remark because it makes a point about the English.

It has always been said they are frightened of art, but I think they are simply frightened of portraits. Lord Leverhulme cut out the head Augustus John did of him and locked it in his safe for his lifetime. There is always a row when another famous face appears in paint. The English are quite at home with a horse by Stubbs or a Stag at Bay, but faces no. Perhaps it is because they are shy.

Of course, there is one point about Sutherland as a portraitist that has not been made. He has not yet painted a man under the age of seventy-five. Somerset Maugham, Lord Beaverbrook and the Prime Minister.

Old men are easy to paint, for their faces have their characters so bluntly displayed.

When he paints a beautiful, inscrutable young woman, like Thomas Gainsborough's superb "The Honorable Mrs. Graham," which may be seen off Princes Street in Edinburgh, he will have proved himself great, too.

I was talking to Somerset Maugham about his portrait and, although appreciative, he was faintly testy. He says that Sutherland is the greatest abstract painter alive. "Doing portraits," he said, "is pot-boiling. He's wasting his time. And the trouble about pot-boiling is that once you get into the swing of it, you never leave it, you never abandon it. It's like a great writer who starts to write for glossy magazines."

Since this is a glossy magazine and we have a first-class writer, Miss Elizabeth Bowen, reviewing books for us, I nodded and made no comment.

★ ★ ★

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH was for many years private secretary to Sir James Barrie. He called her "my private Private Secretary." In *Portrait Of Barrie* (James Barrie, 15s.) she gives an absorbing picture of that queer little genius. He seems to have been a mixture of Puck and Jacques, given to long periods of an almost morbid melancholy, then brightening to a fierce gaiety for no reason at all.

Although he gave signs of being disgusted by his own famous whimsy, he was a naturally sentimental man.

On Princess Margaret's third birthday he went over to Glamis for tea, sat next to the little girl. Presents were on the table, "simple things that might have come from the sixpenny shops" wrote Barrie, "but she was in a frenzy of glee over them, especially about one to which she had given the place of honour by her plate. I said to her as one astounded, 'Is that really your very own?' and she saw how I envied her and immediately placed it between us with the words: 'It is yours and mine.'"

This childish courtesy impressed Barrie and the words stuck in his mind. Later the little Princess heard his name mentioned and said firmly: "I know that man. He is my greatest friend and I am his greatest friend."

This, too, Barrie garnered in his mind, and when he came to write his last play *The Boy David* for his friend Elisabeth Bergner he put both sentences into the dialogue.

WHEN he came to meet the Princess again he could not resist confessing his act of plagiarism and told her that since she was his collaborator she should have a penny royalties for each performance of the play.

When the play came on Barrie was delighted to receive a letter from King George VI saying that if he did not take immediate steps to carry out his promise he would be hearing from His Majesty's solicitors.

Gleefully Barrie sent for his solicitor, Sir Reginald Poole, and together they drafted this agreement:

"WHEREAS

This Indenture made the tenth day of June one thousand and nine hundred and thirty seven BETWEEN James Matthew Barrie so called author and HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET WITNESSETH as follows: WHEREAS the above mentioned henceforward to be called the said Barrie did write and otherwise indite a play of short and inglorious life called *The Boy David* and basely produce the aforesaid play as exclusively the work of his own hand. . ."

and went on to promise the Princess her pennies.

This was the last thing Barrie wrote. He planned to collect newly minted pennies from the bank in a canvas bag and take them to the Palace where, by countersigning the document, the Princess would complete the discharge of the debt.

But Barrie fell ill and died and it was Lady Cynthia Asquith who took the bag of pennies to the Palace.

★ ★ ★

NOW what is this? Cambridge beat Oxford at soccer 3-2. They changed the numbers on their shirts around in order to confuse their opponents.

I say, you chaps, play the game!

If this sort of thing goes on it'll be false whiskers next year.



RADIO INDUSTRY COUNCIL DINNER. Sir Harry Railing, Chairman of the General Electrical Company, was here exchanging views with the Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony Eden



Sir Vincent de Ferranti was having a word with Sir Norman Kipping, Director-General of the Federation of British Industries



Enjoying the occasion: Mr. Sajjad Hyder, Sir Thomas White and Mr. R. M. Campbell (High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand) and Sir Gilbert Rennie



F. J. Goodman

SIGNORINA LUCIA SERENA BENINI, only daughter of the Contessa Livia Nobili della Scala, in her Florence home, a Quattrocento palazzo in the Borgo S.S. Apostoli. Signorina Benini, who has been recently visiting London, has studied art prior to taking up a career and is now working with the Marchese Emilio Pucci, the famous Italian dress-designer

Priscilla in Paris

Music of the Letter Box

THIRTY days hath September, April, June and November . . . but the art world counts differently with its eighty-five "Varnishing Days" for last month alone. When one thinks of the hire of a gallery, the cost of frames, the printing of catalogues and invitation cards, to say nothing of other incidentals, one is amazed at the optimism these ventures show. "And," grumbles the captious critic, "the waste when so many homes need a lick of paint, and so many campers need canvas for their tents!"

But the captious critic is a bird of evil augury. He forgets that most of the lovely and exciting things one undertakes are wrapped up in the ragged old lottery ticket called Life, and that even if one misses the winning number, consolation prizes have a way of turning up.

At this time of the year every postal delivery brings me the promise of thrills to come. From first night tickets for various shows, to a summons from the Custom House authorities requesting my presence at the opening of a crate addressed to me from a far distant Protectorate. It is possible that the entertainments may not all be so thrilling as announced, or that the mysterious crate overdoes the thrill (being a Margery Allingham fan I hope for the worst!), but whatever turns up it is the waiting-for-it that makes the excitement.

OUR rush-to-produce before Christmas seems to be more hectic than ever this year.

At the Lido in the Champs-Élysées where Pierre Louis-Guerin and René Fradey always have the grandest floor shows in Paris it looks

as if they are out to break their own record. For the first time in nine years they are closing down for a fortnight while the new production, *Désirs*, is put through its last rehearsals and various structural alterations to the proscenium and dance floor are made. Anent the surprises that are being prepared (everything is very hush-hush still) we are assured that a real, honest-to-goodness, full-sized aeroplane will ground on the stage and disgorge a new, melting-voiced singer of great charm.

Given that the Lido is at cellar-depth below earth level we are waiting in open-mouthed, goggle-eyed puzzlement. There is also news for the ringside tables: six more lovely Bluebell girls have been added to the original twenty-four!

At the Théâtre Hébertot, Thierry Maulnier's dramatization of André Malraux's famous novel *La Condition Humaine* will be an interesting production. In these days when most theatre managers like their serious plays to carry as small a cast as possible and take place in a single décor M. Jacques Hébertot is a Maecenas indeed. With a light heart and a lavish purse he envisages twenty-one changes of scenery and a *dramatis personae* of more than forty players. We wish him the same success as with *Le Maître de Santiago* and *Dialogues des Carn élités*.

The long run of *White Horse Inn* at the Châtelet is giving place to a new spectacular operetta *La Toison d'Or* (*The Golden Fleece*) taken from Pierre Benoit's novel. The Châtelet is the nearest Paris gets to Drury Lane . . . or should I say Drury Lane to the Châtelet?

BUT it is impossible to write fully of the entertainments that have made Paris the playground of Europe. One has the choice of sixty-one theatres, fifteen music-halls, sixty-five cabarets, two circuses, a dozen *chansonniers*—where a knowledge of French is indispensable—and 291 cinemas.

My advice to visitors is: make for the nearest kiosk or bookstall and invest in one of the several weekly "guide-programmes-to-all-shows." They are published in several languages and I vouch for the quiet fun that readers will enjoy from the English (as she is wrote) version of these Parisian weeklies.

WRITING of "quiet fun": I am still wobbly-kneed from having witnessed the first performance of one of the famous coloured orchestra leaders—Lionel Hampton and his twenty-five musicians—at the Olympia. I have been present at many successful premières. I have heard the impressive, momentary silence of a great audience before it breaks into applause. I have shared the joy of thus expressing pleasure and thanks to magnificent players, singers, musicians and dancers, but never before have I seen such mass hysteria. There may have been others than my lone self who are not jazz-mad amidst those 1,800 howling, shouting, whistling, stamping, rhythm-drunk fanatics, but if so they hid their feelings and yelled with the rest.

I edged towards the emergency exit. The commissioner opened the door mechanically, his eyes intent on the stage. "*Forrrrrridable!!!*" he murmured. "No! cataclysmic!" I answered but, tempering my retort: "Merry Christmas all the same!" I added.

Depêche toi

● Père Noël congratulates the small girl to whom he presents the prettiest doll on the Christmas tree "because she has been so good at school." Honestly she answers: "Thank you, papa Noël, but I catch up at home!"



Left: On the stairs were Miss Pat Priest, daughter of the U.S. treasurer, Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, and Miss Nita Carol Cervin, from Dallas, Texas



Baron von Langendorff, head of the firm which sponsored the ball, was escorting Mme. Stefan Issarescu, the former Princess Ileana of Rumania

THE JUNIOR BELLES IN NEW YORK CITY

AN important New York social event was the ball held recently in aid of the "Wooden Church Crusade," when debutantes of nine nations were present



The Archduchess Alexandra of Austria was sitting out with Prince John del Drago, of Rome. The Archduchess took part in a spectacle "Darkness is Light"



Left: Fraulein Gabriella Adenauer, a niece of Germany's Chancellor, and Herr Guenther W. van Well: The "Wooden Church Crusade" is a movement to build churches in Western Germany



Miss Sondra Sickles, of New York, dancing with Mr. Peter Ansnit, whose family comes from Rumania. Debutantes were from Europe, the U.S., and Latin-America

DINING IN

Turkey yields to research



THE turkey, an American bird, has become naturalised in most countries and is now the Christmas table-bird for a great part of the world. Except where there are large enough families, a turkey is mainly a once-a-year bird, so we hardly ever feel that we know enough about it to shop for one in the same way as we would for a chicken, though the same rules apply.

My advice is to buy your bird from a first-class poulterer, whose reputation allows for only the best.

A hen turkey is considered by many to be more delicate and flavoursome than a cock bird. Well, the frame is smaller, more compact. Still, I find no fault with a young cock bird.

How many will a turkey serve? An expert

carver will get 40 portions from an 18-lb. one, with, in addition, the delectable trimmings (almost the best of the bird). An 8-to-10-lb. bird should yield 16 to 20 servings, and a 10-to-14-lb. one 20 to 28.

MUCH controversy surrounds turkey roasting times. Some believe that the period should be comparatively short and the temperature fairly high, when the breast will be deliciously juicy but the thighs will not be properly cooked through. (They will, of course, be casseroled next day.) How dry and powdery the breast of over-cooked turkey can be!

In America, where very much research has been carried out, the method is to cook the turkey at a very low temperature, for hours

longer, and I believe that this is the better way.

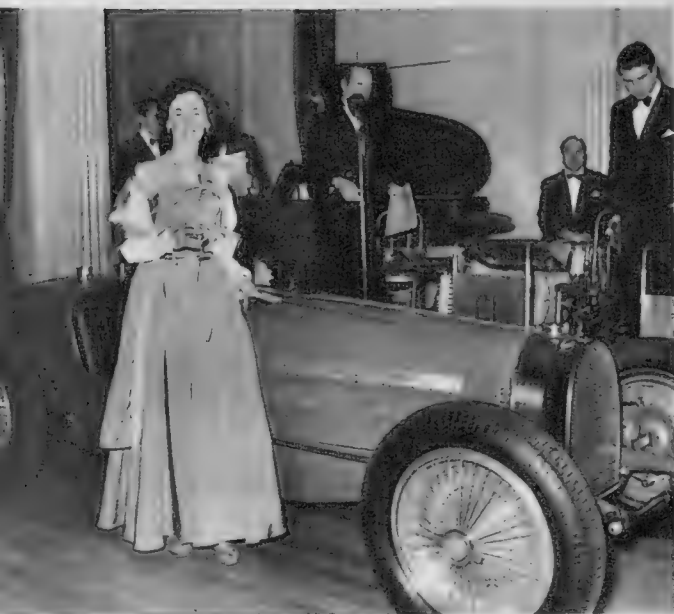
I always roast my turkey well-wrapped with very thin bacon and then with butter muslin dipped in melted butter. I place it on its side on a grid in the roasting tin and, half-way through the cooking, turn it to its other side for the remainder of the time. In America, they have a V-shaped rack on which the turkey rests, breast down, for the whole period. This is logical, since the juices from the bacon and the basting seep down into the breast, instead of into the comparatively meatless back.

A FRIEND of mine, having wrapped her turkey in bacon and made a parcel of it with several thicknesses of greaseproof paper, hangs it from the top runner of her oven and leaves it to cook without attention.

In slow cooking, it may be necessary to turn the bird on its back during the final quarter of the time, to brown the breast.

A carving chef gave me this tip, years ago: If the turkey is removed fifteen minutes before the meal, it will be juicier and infinitely easier to carve than if taken direct from oven to table. I would add that this resting-time also ensures that the legs will not spring apart, provided that the trussing twine is not removed for at least ten minutes.

—Helen Burke



THE BUGATTI BALL

MEMBERS of the Bugatti Owners' Club met for a very pleasant evening in London recently. Left: Mrs. Penny Rivers Fletcher was photographed beside the famous Type 59, Grand Prix model. Right: Mrs. Eric Giles, Countess Howe, Mr. Eric Giles, President of the Club, and comte H. de Liedekerke-Beaufort, President of the Automobile Club de France, were discussing motor races they had seen



DINING OUT

The French envy our wines



ONE thing that seems to cause immense surprise to hotel proprietors and restaurateurs from France on their first visit to England are our wine lists, especially those outside the smart restaurants of the West End.

It would seem that there are innumerable wines of chateau and vintage which are far more difficult to obtain in France than in England, the years '45 and '47 being regarded in France as old wines, which suggests that (not forgetting the war) much of it must have been shipped to England; so *vive la France*.

I was reminded of this when I took Gilbert Molliet, a French hotelier, to the Antelope in Eaton Terrace, where Robin Humphreys showed him his wine list. He was astounded at the wines listed, especially in what he described as

"an ordinary pub," but I explained that the Antelope is not an ordinary pub, it is a rendez-vous for lovers of wine, seven of which you can get by the glass, coupled with straightforward English food. I also pointed out to him that the sale of wine by the glass in English inns was becoming increasingly popular. By a strange coincidence, before we departed two Frenchmen came in and purchased a dozen half-bottles of Haut Brion, 1928, to take back to France as presents for their special friends.

GILBERT runs, with his family, an excellent hotel, the Messageries, at Arbois in the Jura, starred in the Michelin Guide for its food. They make a feature of "Poulard a la Creme au Vin Jaune et aux Morilles," and almost all the wines on their list are the wines of Arbois and Chateau-Chalon.

The Vin Jaune of Arbois and the wine of Chateau-Chalon bear no resemblance to any others in France, but have a considerable affinity to the sherries of the south of Spain. As the Provinces of France-Comté had been under Spanish rule till 1768, that probably has something to do with this peculiarity.

It was in Arbois that Louis Pasteur lived for many years and carried out his original experiments on the fermentation of the grape, and who so rightly said: "*Le vin est la plus saine et la plus hygienique de boissons.*"

SINCE we are in the Jura we might as well stay there for a few minutes, and descend from the isolated and rather primitive village of Chateau-Chalon itself to Voiteur in the valley below, where in the Hotel du Cerf Marcel Bourrat will cook you, most memorably, a trout in the local wine. There is one person who certainly remembers the wines of Chateau-Chalon, the Hon. John Grimston, M.P. for St. Albans, a great flying enthusiast who frequently lands at the nearest aerodrome to Voiteur and collects a case to take back to England. He recently took eighth place in the International Air Rally "des Vins et Chateaux d'Anjou," winning the Journée Vinicole Cup, which proves him to be not only an enthusiast for wine but a connoisseur at tasting it.

—I. Bickerstaff



Left: Miss Maxine Thellusson, Capt. R. Farrant, Miss A. Gausson and Miss J. Bubb were making themselves comfortable on the floor of the buffet and enjoying refreshments between dances

THE V.W.H. DANCE AT SOUTH CERNEY

BY kind permission of the officer commanding South Cerney R.A.F. Station, Group Captain O. I. Gillson, the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt held their very successful annual hunt ball in these aeronautical surroundings

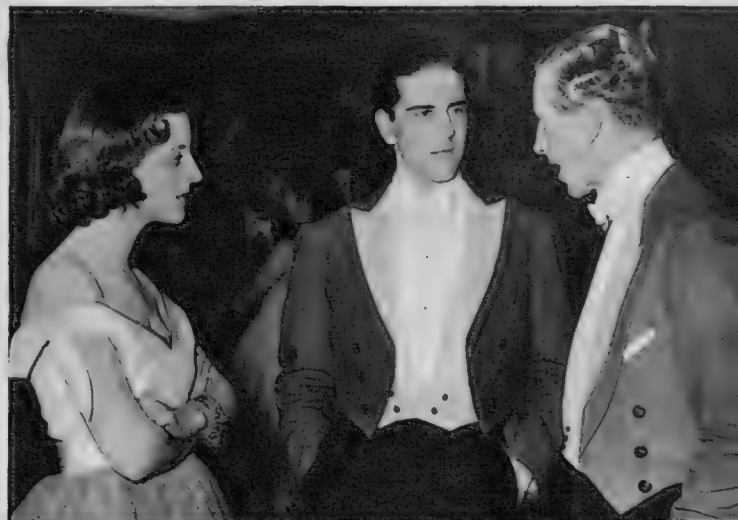


Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough: Mr. Goodenough is a son of Dorothea Lady Goodenough, chairman of the hunt ball committee, who brought a party

Countess St. Aldwyn was having a word with Major and Mrs. J. J. Mann. Lady St. Aldwyn, whose husband is the second Earl, came over from Williamstrip Park



Miss Anne Barker, who is a niece of Major E. P. Barker, joint-Master of the hunt since 1949, was listening intently as Mr. James Judd was speaking to Col. O. C. Smith-Bingham



At the Theatre

Ringdoves of the Grove

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



WAGING WAR: Laura (Coral Browne), intent on leaving home, returns her key to Simon (Roland Culver), whose railway ticket for the same purpose is procured by the butler (Ernest Thesiger)

IT is surprising that we have had to wait till now for a play showing how the boys of Lime Grove go about their fun and games. The theatre has always liked to present an image of its own life in plays within plays; it has done the world of the circus pretty well and the film studio almost to death; but hitherto the television floor, with its huge, peering cameras, tiny, superheated stage, trailing cables and liability to sudden disaster, has been unknown territory to playgoers.

Mr. Alan Melville's *Simon and Laura* at the Strand can hardly be called a documentary piece. Still, he has all the technical terms at his finger-tips and he is shrewdly aware that the cuisine of any new art, even inspected from a cock-eyed angle, is bound to fascinate.

He certainly gets off on the right foot by inventing a programme that might well emanate from Lime Grove's cosy imagination. Simon and Laura Foster are stage partners who have been married longer than most stage partners, and the public somehow have got the notion that they are an ideally happy pair.

NOTHING is likely to give more general pleasure than that Simon and Laura should be depicted in their own drawing-room among their own charming furniture and their own devoted servants, going through the daily routine of domestic bliss. There is no reason why such a serial should ever end till outraged nature itself calls a halt.

The idea is introduced to Miss Coral Browne and Mr. Roland Culver by Mr. Ian Carmichael, who gives a delightful rendering of the simple enthusiasm of B.B.C. men for B.B.C. schemes. His creative ecstasy is only kept in bounds by his social tact which makes it impossible for him to notice that Simon and Laura are embarrassed by his casting them for the Darby and Joan of the television screen.

Only that day they have had the biggest of all their frequent rows. It has ended in an agreement to separate for good.

Such an agreement might have to be revised in the light of a good professional offer; but they belong to the theatre, and of what use is television to them on any terms? They are sharply reminded by their agent that they are on the way out of the theatre. They consent to hear the terms. They are mouth-watering. Simon and Laura make haste to accept them.

So to the 200th daily appearance before their audience of several entranced millions. The strain has begun to tell. Simon has spent a week-end at Le Touquet with the scriptwriter, a most un-B.B.C. character in the person of Miss Dora Bryan at her fluffiest; Laura has apparently consoled herself with the enthusiastic director. In the midst of the preparations for the anniversary instalment the principals give way to bitter recriminations, and drink is taken.

Before they have recovered they are launched by the desperate director into the homes of the several entranced millions. We see them staggering from crisis to crisis, with the gallant director performing prodigies of technical resource, and then we have the satisfaction of seeing this bogus Darby and Joan of the screen fall a-cursing in the full glare of a vast publicity.

NOTHING that follows quite lives up to this scene, which is very funny indeed.

Indeed, Mr. Melville's power of invention fails him badly in the last act. But Miss Browne, Mr. Culver and Mr. Carmichael have got the bit between their teeth and keep going till the end with good help from Mr. Ernest Thesiger, caricaturing the stage butler of tradition, and from Miss Bryan.



THREE HEARTS IN UNISON are those of the Theatrical Agent (Ronald Radd), the TV scriptwriter (Dora Bryan) and the Producer (Ian Carmichael), who all work with a will to keep the viewers happy



Angus McBean

END OF THE PARTY. A scene from Act III of *Time Remembered*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, from Anouilh's romantic comedy, *Leocadia*. It is directed by William Chappell, and the imaginative scenery is by a new designer, Peter Rice. The players above are Paul Anstee and Catharine Coulton (gypsies), Aithna Gover (a cloakroom attendant), Dennis Chinnery (another gypsy), Paul Scofield (the Prince) and Tristram Butt (a waiter)

London Limelight

No accounting for this

"ACCOUNTING FOR LOVE," at the Saville, brings up one of those phenomena for which there is no accounting. This is the determination of a person or persons to produce an unsuitable play, regardless of wise advice. Here is an old-fashioned (post-Wilde) farce turned from out-dated French into pedestrian English. At some point in its career abroad it must have struck someone as outrageously funny. Over here it has the impact of a good *soufflé* warmed up after long years in a deep-freeze.

It is remarkable for one item alone, Mr. Per Aabel, of the National Theatre, Oslo, and Mr. Aabel has two remarkable facets in turn. He is an unconscionably dull director who runs the evening at a pace so slow that it becomes insulting, and, at the

same time, he is a comedian of irresistible charm. Every time he appeared I began to feel that I was making an arrogant mistake in feeling bored: every time he went off the stage the reality raised its long, hairy ears.

THE Old Vic's production of the *Shrew* has not been altogether kindly handled by the experts of the Press. It opens in so perfunctory a fashion that there is a strong temptation to eye the programme surreptitiously with a mind on the number of intervals and a sigh for the oddly high cost of liquor in the bars of this theatre.

However, as soon as Mr. Rogers and his consort appear, the true magic begins. Miss

Ann Todd at last justifies, and amply, her inclusion in the cast. Hitherto she has been either a filmy shadow or an actress asked to exceed her natural scope. Now she romps with a force matching her opponent. Mr. Rogers being at all times all zeal, these are high words.

But somebody at the Vic should take more trouble with the small-part players. There is no reason why these young people should prove a collection of what the profession calls "hams."

NEXT Wednesday Bransby Williams begins a short series of matinees at the Piccadilly, giving to a new generation the character monologues which have brought him fame through the years. Among them will be "The Yogi's Curse," "Scrooge," "Bill Sykes," and the evergreen eye of the little yellow god. This last is one of those rare feasts which will take some of us back to our youth and others no further than irreverent memories of Messrs. Holloway, Richards and Henson, whose variations on the theme had their own especial face of entertainment.

Mr. Williams, I feel sure, will take this sort of irreverence in his stride. Age will never wither his infinite feeling for what used to be known as the Variety stage.

—Youngman Carter



Dorothy Gordon and Norwegian comedian Per Aabel as bride and bridegroom in *Accounting for Love*, at the Saville Theatre

HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FIND

LORI NELSON is a young star who is climbing steadily to the top with every new picture. She co-stars now with John Agar in *Revenge of the Creature* and with Marie Blanchard and Audie Murphy in the Technicolor Western, *Destry*. Now aged 24, she was born in Santa Fé, New Mexico, and is of Scandinavian-German-French and English descent



Television

THE BIRDS OF DEE

Freda Bruce Lockhart



OUTSIDE PERSONALITIES can be as valuable to TV as Outside Broadcasts, and a distinguished visitor making his debut in unfamiliar

guise will be Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. Not many people realise that Lord Alanbrooke devotes hours of time and enthusiasm to the study of birds, and on Saturday he will join Peter Scott in one of the latter's regular bird-sessions.

IN "Birds in Close-up," Lord Alanbrooke will present his own film of "the great concourse of waders" at the mouth of the Dee, and—himself rather an avian figure—will have for co-star a golden eagle in the Highlands, where I this year watched one of these splendid birds hovering over the wild moorland above Loch Ness.

One of the lightest and most joyous of TV entertainments in the past year was the small opera, *Three's Company*. All who relish the wit of Antony Hopkins's music and of Michael Flanders's words will be anxious to see their next miniature opera on Monday evening. In the best operatic tradition from Mozart down,

they have composed it for the occasion and called it *Christmas Story*.

Commonwealth playwrights for TV all have to live up to the precedent of Ian McCormick's exceptional series, *The Promised Years*. Sunday's play, *Stand Still Time*, is by Dymphna Cusack, a fellow-Australian of McCormick's. Like him, she has taken a war theme for her triangle drama of an R.A.F. ex-prisoner-of-war. Tuesday's play by Ted Allen, a popular writer in Canada, sounds more unconventional from the very title: *Willie the Squowse*. Hero of Mr. Allen's satiric contemporary fable is, I am assured, half-squirrel and half-mouse.

Addicts of the suitably childish parlour game, "Find the Link," will be happy to find the sophisticated but spirited Moira Lister still filling the place left by Patricia Cutts.

Gramophone Notes

ROMANY AIRS

Robert Tredinnick



IT is extraordinary that anyone could have achieved such world-wide popularity as is the case with Tibor Kunstler, and have made so few records in recent years. He was born in Budapest, and many will remember him playing there in the Parisienne Grill in the

gay pre-war days. His success there took him to Zürich, and St. Moritz, and in 1940 he was playing in Java.

Taken prisoner of war by the Japanese, Tibor Kunstler patiently carved a composition of his own on a piece of wood, and after he was liberated this tune "Silhouette" enjoyed great popularity in Singapore, where this indomitable little violinist took over the orchestra at the Raffles Hotel.

To-day "Silhouette" is being played with increasing regularity in the U.S.A., while Tibor Kunstler himself is playing at Quaglino's in London, where he has been for five years.

NOW with his Gipsy Orchestra he presents "The Flying Swallow," and "Lake Belaton" in a vivid and traditional style, all very nice and proper, but is it enough that this recording is only available on special order, and on the M.-G.-M. label to boot? Personally, I don't think that it is, any more than I think that Tibor Kunstler's gramophonics should be confined exclusively to gipsy music. He has much more to offer than that, as his countless admirers can so easily confirm. Everyone has to begin, even those making gramophone records, but when that beginner is a musician of genuine talent and tremendous experience, to narrow his art down to a niche that, to change the metaphor, is by no means everybody's cup of tea seems to me to point to a lack of vision and artistic appreciation on the part of those responsible.

I trust, as I am sure those thousands who know Tibor Kunstler's capabilities also do, that this state of affairs will be speedily rectified. Meanwhile, I repeat that this record is available on special order only. (M.-G.-M. 3047.)

At the Pictures

Kittskrieg Weapon

Elspeth Grant*

IT is pretty widely known that Mr. Orson Welles considers Miss Eartha Kitt, the coloured singer, "the most exciting woman in the world," but so far nobody knows my opinion of her. Indeed, until I saw *New Faces*, a CinemaScope version of the revue which knocked New York for six, I was in no position to express an opinion. Now, having seen the film twice of my own volition, I am—and here it is: Miss Eartha Kitt is the most exciting woman in the world. And I do not say this to prove that I can be just as extravagant as the notoriously extravagant Mr. Welles.

MISS KITT is a supreme artist who can apparently do anything—sing, dance, act—and would be worth watching were she doing nothing at all, for her face and figure have a strange, individual beauty and she radiates allure. Her sophistication is such that beside her even Mrs. Dietrich might seem a wee bit *hausfrau-sy*.

She purrs "*C'est Si Bon*" like a cream-fed kitten and is deliciously wheedling in "Santa Baby" ("Santa, honey—slip a sable under the tree, for me"), but my own favourite of all the numbers she puts over with superb wit is "Monotonous"

—in which, rippling languidly from chaise-longue to chaise-longue, she expounds upon the ineffable boredom of being a *femme fatale* ("When the dawn comes up like thunder, brother—take back your Taj Mahal"). Miss Kitt is a wonder-girl and worth going miles, on foot if necessary, to see.

A slight and unnecessary backstage story has been woven into the revue. You can ignore it—but you simply cannot ignore Miss Kitt, or, for that matter, Mr. Ronny Graham, as a "bop" fiend doped to the gills with benzedrine, M. Robert Clary, burlesquing weeper Johnnie Ray, Mr. Paul Lynde, as Harry the Heel in an excruciatingly funny skit on *Death of a Salesman*, and Miss Virginia de Luce as "Lizzie Borden," the patricidal miss who is gently admonished, "You can't chop your Poppa up in Massachusetts."

"THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM" is a very worthy but, until the final sequence, somehow not very exciting film about the gallant work done by the swift Air-Sea Rescue launches during the war.

Messrs. Michael Redgrave, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Watling and Bonar Colleano, whose aircraft has been shot down into the cold

North Sea, spend most of the film huddled in a small rubber dinghy—which is very tedious for them and scarcely less tedious for the audience, as the action is necessarily and deplorably restricted.

Rescue is ultimately effected, excitingly, under bombardment from the shore batteries.

The acting is throughout admirable, and Mr. Lewis Gilbert has directed most ably. Looking back on it, I feel I should have enjoyed the film more than I did; perhaps it's just that I am a little weary of war films.

I detest flying (which is always to me "flying in the face of Providence"), but even I succumbed to the awful fascination of *This Supersonic Age*—a splendid CinemaScope short covering the Farnborough Air Display. All manner of civilian and military aircraft are put through their paces, S/Ldr. Neville Duke, in a Hawker Hunter, crashes the (stereophonic) sound-barrier, and finally the camera follows the flight of the curiously-shaped Avro Vulcan as it swims across the sky. The photography is magnificent, the commentary crisply spoken by Mr. Leslie Mitchell. This is a piece of work of which British Movietone News can justly be proud.

* Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.

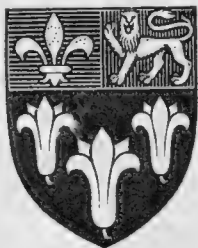


Robert Clary introduces Eartha Kitt and Virginia de Luce in the screen version of the Broadway revue, *New Faces*



"ONE GOOD TURN"

SHIRLEY ABICAIR and Norman Wisdom in a scene from the new comedy film produced at Pinewood Studios by the same team who were responsible for the hilarious *Trouble in Store*. Shirley Abicair, the lovely twenty-three-year-old zither-girl from Australia, is one of television's most popular stars. She made her debut in this medium and has gone from strength to strength also in radio and with her excellent gramophone recordings



ETONIANS PLOUGHED A MIGHTY FURROW

THE gluiest mud in memory—once the ball was mislaid in it—found Eton's Wall Game teams in their element on St. Andrew's Day (see right). They emerged unrecognisable, but well satisfied with a draw



Lady Browning (novelist Daphne du Maurier) watching the Wall Game with her son Christian



Left: Miss Jillian Summers had come up from Northamptonshire to see her brothers Martin and Shane Summers, who had just been explaining the technical niceties of the game



Right: A family party consisting of Peter Fane, his mother Mrs. Charles Fane, and his sister, Miss Angela Fane, were walking across the field to join their friends before the start of the game



Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Quilter, with William and Thomas Quilter, were well prepared against the weather



Richard Hall, John Nicholson, the Hon. Maurice Howard, John Lacon, Michael Barclay and Jonathan Peel



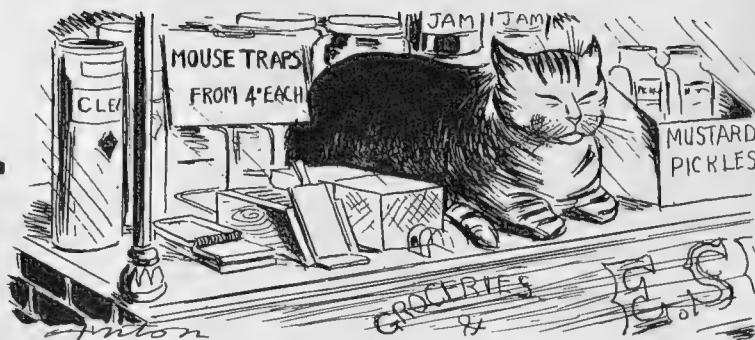
Left: Mrs. D. Butler Adams and her son David were enjoying an interval of fine weather. The day's proceedings included, besides the Wall Game, football and an art exhibition



Right: Mrs. E. Ollivant, A. W. Hankey, Mrs. P. Hankey, Mrs. Martin Ollivant, D. Hankey and Cdr. M. Ollivant, R.N., were looking forward to a truly epic struggle at the Wall, and so it proved

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



ONE of the most refreshing spectacles on earth being a nice clean West End clubman, we can't think why fussy citizens increasingly howling to the Press that the Race's dirty trains, shops, streets, food, and faces disgust visiting foreigners don't organise conducted tours to the Pall Mall area for the credit of the old country.

Not long ago we took a disgusted visiting American off a filthy train into a club and showed him the cleanest chap we know, fresh and gleaming from the bath, the barber, and the manicurist, and wearing the snowiest possible linen (underclothes as well—we asked about this); a dazzling picture of applied hygiene. "That's something," we said with pride, and this American took a deep breath and said "Sure, that's something." He later cabled home a description of the scene.

This, we suggest, was the way to pacify those foreigners disgusted, or liable to be, by the unwashed teacups and unemptied ashtrays at London Airport the other day which moved a lady to public protest. Instead of which the Airport and Min. of Civil Aviation boys merely adopted the attitude of Humpty Dumpty's chum:

But he was very stiff and proud,
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

Fretfulness is not enough. Hygiene-hostesses acting as personal guides to Clubland are the answer, it seems to us.

Afterthought

TACT would have to be exercised everywhere by these sweethearts, and especially in one august smoking-room where very aged, whiskery members may be writing long letters to the *Times* to protest against the dirty habits of (Latin) foreigners. However, when you hear them ask a waiter whether Lord Palmerston or Mr. Disraeli is now at the head of Her Majesty's Government you'll realise they're a bit out of touch.

Incidentally the cry "All the world loves a loofah!" is said to have been originally uttered by cleanly Mr. George Joseph Smith, the celebrated pioneer of continuity in bride-liquidation by bathwater (hanged 1915).

Theatre

TO the eminent and recently-deceased Lionel Barrymore—as also to half a dozen other stage-idols—is said to attach the best

theatre-story, which you have possibly heard before and are now, with renewed delight, to hear again—the one about the celebrated actor meeting a friend in the street. "I saw you at poor old X's memorial-service yesterday," says the friend. "You looked terribly cut up." To which the actor replies with a graceful gesture: "My dear boy! You should have seen me at the graveside!"

Unforgettable performances in this genre, ranging in emotional key from the utterly-shattered to the nobly-stoical, were given by the principal favourites of the British public at Irving's funeral (1905) in Westminster Abbey, an aged boulevardier once assured us. He especially remembered that just as a couple of overwrought tragedy-queens were about to collapse, L.C., a shaft of sunlight lit up the pale, classic features of Sir George Alexander of the St. James's gazing heavenward, centre. (Hold it!) Tableau.

For more spontaneous, if less attractive, emotion you should hear the Fleet Street boys sobbing as the ticker-tape announces that one of their Big Shots is now recovering. To us it recalls an old song, perhaps imperfectly remembered:

Joy that is sorrow,
Pain that is bliss,
(Tumty, tum-tumty),
.....

Anyway, the final word is "kiss."

Whodunit

EVERY field of human activity save one having now been exploited by the clever crime-fiction boys and girls, one can see them hailing the recent theft from an Oxfordshire country house of an £18,000 stamp-album as a perfect godsend, handed them on a silver salver.

Nobody in the library was involved here, but how simple to supply one. From the bald, shiny head, resembling a china doorknob, any smart amateur detective could deduce instantly that the victim was a prominent habitué of London stamp-auctions. A torn scrap of notepaper under the rug, beginning "My dear Stanley—," would show that he moved in high philatelic circles and knew Messrs. Gibbons intimately, and probably Messrs. Harmer as well. The beautiful Titian-haired corpse lying near the fireplace with her tongue out would fail to puzzle the detective-hero equally.

"The thief and murderer is a brother-philatelist about 5 ft. 7 high, dressed in check Harris tweeds, with a cast in one eye, false teeth, a marked limp, a taste for oysters, and a niece named Ethel in Newcastle-on-Tyne," observed Warlock Smears after a brief examination, rising to his feet.

"I don't get you," snarled Inspector Dopehurst.

Ignoring the baffled policeman, Smears proceeded: "The lady, judging from the fact that her tongue has recently been used to moisten gummed slips, and the marks on the body, is evidently some philatelic mopsy—possibly a professional decoy."

"Most baldheaded men beat their women," said the Inspector curtly.

"I grant you, Dopehurst. But not in the philatelic manner."

The criminal might turn out to be the Home Secretary, or perhaps the Bishop of Dorking, neither of whom have yet been used. One can't think why.

Wuff

DOGGIES are taking a leading place in public affairs with such admitted success that you sahibs can't have been surprised at the efficiency with which a golden retriever named Tarka carried out his reception-duties (*vide* Press) as Public Relations Officer at the recent London conference of the National Association of Dog-Biscuit Manufacturers. The publicity racket is considerably shaken, we find.

Not without reason. Incessant practice enables those of the publicity boys whose pans are not too homely to switch on a meretricious charm which frequently rings the bell, but they're the first to admit—as Joe and Izzy of Swiftsure, Ltd., gloomily expressed it to us last week—that with a doggie-P.R.O., the suckers are naturally in the bag first crack off and all the dames to begin with. We suggested furry disguises as the obvious riposte. "Almost any actor playing Nana in *Peter Pan* steals the show," we pointed out. We added that not a few of the boys look remarkably like St. Bernards and Newfoundlands already, what with blood-shot eyes, dewlaps, big hairy paws, and a fixed expression of noble pathos. "You got something there, brother," said Joe, evidently impressed. "By me," said Izzy, "it is okay-plus so the boys should do their stuff hunner-percent." He meant, it appeared, diving into the Round Pond to save little girls, licking old ladies' necks, rescuing travellers in the snow, and so forth.

No doubt this could be arranged.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



A scene from Congreve's "Love for Love." The centre group consists of Prue (Angela Crow), Mrs. Frail (Janet Verrier), Mrs. Foresight (Margaret Jones) and Tattle (E. Hewitt)

QUEEN MOTHER WITH APPRENTICE ACTORS

THE newly-rebuilt private theatre of R.A.D.A., in Malet Street, W.C.1, was opened by the Queen Mother, who saw the students perform extracts from five plays. The theatre is called the Vanbrugh, in memory of the famous sisters Violet and Dame Irene Vanbrugh.



Left: Her Majesty was presented with a bouquet by Francesca Wynne-Roberts, daughter of actress Joyce Redman, while Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of R.A.D.A., looked on



Right: from the "Hippolytus" of Euripides: the goddess Artemis (Robina King), Theseus (Robert Corder), the boy Hippolytus (C. Guinee) and a Soldier

SUNNY MORNING AT SPARKFORD WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE

THE Blackmore Vale covers some of the finest and most varied hunting country in the West of England. An Irish horse has been found by experience to be the best type of performer for this pack, with its banks and double ditches to the south and fly fences to the north. These pictures were taken at a recent meet near Sparkford, Somerset



Col. C. P. J. Layard, M.C., who has been hon. secretary of the hunt since 1939, and the huntsman, Ken Anyan, discuss the prospects of the day

Lady McCreery, who lives at Stowell Hill, Templecombe, wife of Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, rides her twenty-four-year-old pony to the meet



Victor Yorke

In the Country

A VISIT FROM THE WAITS

FOR a moment I thought I was hearing angel voices—a manifestation with which I am not wholly familiar. Anyway, it was sufficiently like angel voices to give me a devil of a fright . . . a disembodied voice from disembodied faces which the inquisitive radar of ear and eye located for me in the darkness beyond my front door.

It was not until I attached the words of "Holy night, silent night" to the moving mouths that I was able to shed the aura of unreality and knew suddenly—but whether with relief or disappointment I am not at all sure—that these were the first carol-singers of Christmas.

November was still warm in its grave (as warm as possible for the time of the year), but it was not the unexpectedness that so bewildered me. I am just not attuned to carolling at Christmas. Most of my life has been passed in lands where your northern sun winters on Capricorn, and no one reared on Christian ideology has ever seen a Christmas-card showing

carol-singers sweating on a hot night in open-necked shirts and shorts.

One of the nicest nostalgias of the tropics is the one about snow-covered ground, roaring log fires, and muffled, lamplit singers filling the cold air with steaming clouds of carols. To enjoy it properly the shade temperature must be 112, the humidity 98, the malaria 104, and the white man's burden several hundredweights.

BECAUSE of the Christmas-cards, perhaps, I have always thought of carolling as a children's event impelled by the same financial urgency that sends out sooty infant gangs shortly before November 5. Thus, I hastened to my door with a willing ear and sixpence, to discover, in some confusion, the vicar and half-a-dozen elders of the parish, their faces illumined like Banquo's ghost by cunningly held electric torches. The musical accompaniment was provided from a neighbouring field by two tractors working round the clock to get in the beet harvest. I pressed my sixpence hard into the collection-box, in the hope it would sound like half-a-crown when it hit the bottom.



Life on a farm is full of movement. I sit in front of a window, gathering my thoughts from a distant and clear-cut horizon, and a noble sentiment is shattered by the violent passage of about 100 yards of conglomerate rubbish running before the wind at a speed which I estimate at approximately Mach 1. It is pursued in forlorn endeavour by a 40-gallon petrol drum which I thought I had turned into an incinerator in the morning, but which didn't.

WHAT a wind is this! Born-in turbulent travail somewhere on the Western Approaches, it has gathered its fury in onslaught against the ramparts of Wales, surged in mad release across the Marches and over Cotswold and spilled itself in full flood on to the fens of Cambridge and Suffolk's stubbled plain. This old house of mine rides the storm like a stout ship, with an occasional involuntary shudder and a faintly moaning undercurrent of noise like wind in high rigging. My neighbours tell me it was built in 1509, and in those 450 years it has developed strange tilts and angles and curves in recoiling from the too-angry insults of the weather. It leans now like a lone tree on some gale-swept promontory.

And here comes the grocer's man with the week's essentials, and perhaps a luxury in one of those bottles, and a startling tale of just being missed by a great oil-drum thundering down the road. My rubbish, I trust, is now approaching Heligoland.

—ROBERT CRISP

At The Races

NATIONAL WHISPERS

Now that two famous former winners of the Grand National, Royal Tan and Early Mist, have safely passed into new ownership, we have got two very notable foundation-stones for next year's Grand National. At the same time, I feel sure we all sincerely regret that circumstances have intervened to prevent them wearing their former owner's colours once again, for Mr. J. H. Griffin was a very staunch supporter of racing between the flags.

Both these good steeplechase horses will be trained as before by M. V. O'Brien, who now also owns one of them, and this is a cause for much satisfaction, since few trainers know more about this particular job than this young Irishman. He may not win with either of them, but they could not be in better hands.

It is far too early yet even to try to count heads, but there would seem to be plenty of material, both old and up-and-coming. There

is one animal named Ordinance (fell this year) upon which, personally, I propose to keep my eye, because I know that he is a good one. He fell at the twenty-third, and he was then upsides with Coneysburrow, who started second favourite to Irish Lizard, and might very well have won but for the unfortunate fall which killed him.

ORDNANCE had been well up in the fighting line all the way, and he was no stranger to the course, because he had had a turn over it the previous year. All this sounds as if one were being too previous and trying to tip a winner, but it is merely putting on record what a very likely customer has done.

It is good to hear that, in spite of so many deterrents, foxhunting is going as strong as the wire will permit, and that by the aid of "jumping places," people do manage to get forrard and see quite a lot of what is going on. Jumping-places used to be the exception in those times when you could go almost anywhere you liked without hearing that unpleasant "twang."



The marvel is that in these birdcage days things have been able to go on at all, and everyone who takes on the Mastership of a pack of hounds under modern conditions deserves to be canonised. Very few people can afford to do it, in spite of all that has been done in the way of retrenchment, and, naturally, joint-Masterships abound.

YET in spite of all, hunting carries on, and I hear that the four joint-Masters of the Cottesmore are making a success of it, which does not always happen when there are a lot of Kings of Brentford. The same story comes from the Quorn, who have still got little Barker as their huntsman, and, I hear, a very good pack, both in and out of the kennel. Of former lights, it is good to hear that Colonel Gordon Colman, formerly Master of the Belvoir, is still very much in the picture and goes out at least two days a week, usually not with his old pack, but with the Cottesmore, whose country I always thought took a lot more doing than those of the other two packs based on Melton. I have a lively memory of many awkward obstacles which looked like a lot of bayonets. Sir Harold Nutting, for so many years Master of the Quorn, and before that of the North Shropshire and the Meynell, is also to the fore, even though nowadays he does not get on a horse, worse luck, for at his peak he was a very good and intrepid performer.

—SABRETACHE

DRAGON YACHTSMEN CELEBRATED ASHORE

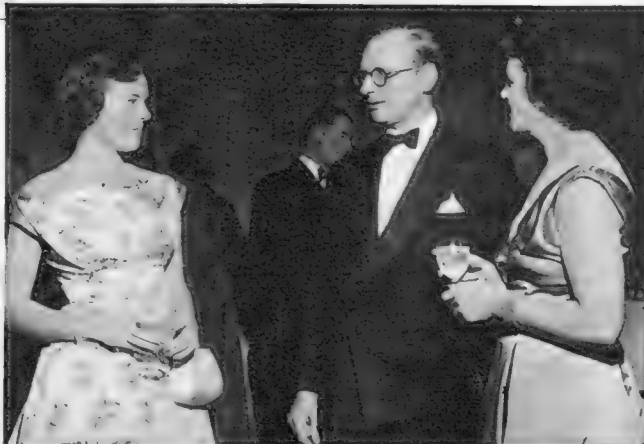
MEMBERS of the Dragon Class (Solent Division) held their annual dinner-dance recently in London. It was attended by nearly a hundred owners, their crews and friends, between whom were lively discussions on the results of last season's racing, and plans for the next. The Dragon class has become increasingly popular in this country during recent years



Mons. F. Thierry-Mieg, owner of *Astrid II*, and Mr. Stewart Morris, O.B.E., with Mme. Thierry-Mieg and Mrs. M. de Selincourt, owner of *Nerine*

Mr. and Mrs. David Curling were among those who were enjoying the conviviality which occurs the world over when yachtsmen meet

Lord Worsley, part-owner of *Foil*, was in deep discussion with Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones and her daughter, Miss E. A. Ellsworth-Jones



Gabor Drus

"... SO FULL OF A
NUMBER OF THINGS"

DELIGHT in the sheer
variousness of the world
is the keynote of *Things*
(Grosvenor Press; 42s.), com-
panion volume to *People*,
Places and *Ideas*, brilliantly
edited by Geoffrey Grigson
and C. H. Gibbs-Smith.
The pictures include these
reproductions of flautists
by Hendrik ter Brugghen



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

AMANDA THE GLORIOUS

HIGH among the curiosities of literature rank the works of Mrs. Amanda McKittrick Ros. Yet up to now, this lady's majestic figure has remained somewhat out of the limelight—during her life, though she did not shun publicity, dignity forbade that she should seek it. Fame she did consider to be her due—to mockery she was, alas, exposed.

She would, I think, have found little to quarrel with in Jack Loudan's demure, respectful biography, *O RARE AMANDA!* (Chatto and Windus; 15s.). And in saying this one is saying much, for she was a formidable quarreller.

Whether she actually knew she had been accorded the distinction of being "The World's Worst Novelist," one is not certain. She spent, we learn, a considerable part of her life in denouncing "the never-ending babbling of these critic curs."

Mrs. Ros—as surely my readers know?—was the authoress of *Irene Iddesleigh* and *Delina Delaney*: these two memorable novels were originally published, at her own expense, in 1897 and 1898 respectively—those first editions must by now have reached astronomic value. A book of poems, *Poems of Puncture*, appeared in 1912, and another, *Fumes of Formation*, in 1933.

A further work of fiction, *Helen Huddleston*, remained unfinished—Mr. Loudan has had access to the MS., gives us some fascinating excerpts, and suggests that this novel was perhaps her best. Mrs. Ros issued rhymed broadsheets, and pamphlets. She claimed to be the author of three more masterpieces—*The Hedge Round Hell*, *The Lusty Lawyer* and *Motherless Moon*: not one of these, however, exists in print.

THE lady was a daughter of Ulster. Her novels were printed in Belfast, and distributed by her own fair hands—packed for post, that is, in return for a P.O. She presented inscribed copies to her admirers, among whom were perceptive enough to be Lord Beveridge, Lord

Ponsonby, Lord Oxford, Sir Edward Grey, E. V. Lucas (who formed an Amanda Ros club in London), Robert Lynd, Sir John Squire and Sir Desmond MacCarthy—who visited her in Ireland.

Her biographer, Mr. Loudan, also had the honour of being received—meekly, hypnotised by her conversation, he ate his way through the greater part of a bad boiled egg she had hospitably provided for his tea. "At Home Always to the Honourable" was inscribed atop of the card she had had printed—the address in the corner was simply "Iddesleigh, Ireland."

The villa, named after her first heroine, adorned a street in Larne, Co. Antrim. Here she dwelled during the thirty years of her happy first marriage to Andy Ross, red-bearded station-master at Larne. (For her own reasons, she dropped from her married surname the final "s," just as she re-christened herself "Amanda": her parents had not looked further than "Anna Margaret.") She was born as she continued to live, respectably; the McKittricks were Co. Down farming stock; her father was a schoolmaster in an Ulster village, and Anna Margaret decided to teach also.

IT was on her arrival at Larne to take up her first post that Cupid shot his dart—when her train stopped, it was Andy who smiled at the carriage-door. Never, throughout the succeeding years, did this admirable husband discuss his wife's work. Some years after his death she met a Mr. Rodgers, well-to-do farmer: her second marriage seems to have gone no less well.

Handsome enough (till portliness overcame her), vigorous and, by her friends, well-liked, Mrs. Ros can have suffered few emotional frustrations. Litigation over some property, accompanied by constant rows with the lawyers (she was a mistress of invective), should have banished dullness

from her domestic days. A station hand-bell, cherished by Mr. Ross after his retirement from office, and bequeathed to her, served more than once to express her aggressive instincts.

All the same, real life was *not* enough (Larne, give it its due, is not exciting), and it is possibly for this reason that she first took up the mighty pen. Up she soared, like a she-eagle, into the dizziest regions of the improbable. To say that prose was no trouble to Mrs. Ros is to put it mildly. Her art is peopled with earls and baronets; her vocabulary practically explodes. Compared to Sir John Dunferm, Lord Gifford and Lord Raspberry, the stormiest Brontë hero wilts and pales. And as for her heroines, and their vicissitudes!

MRS. AMANDA ROS has to be quoted to be believed. Thus wails the deserted Maurice Munro:

"My Helen! My Helen! What care I for the world and its sections of sham, its halls of hilarity, its congested clubs of contamination, its showrooms of sacrilege, its morning rooms of mistrust, its lounges of lust, its dining-rooms of danger, its tea rooms of test, its forcing bed of fornication, its inglenooks of ill and all other enticing etceteras that go to shatter and crooken its straight lines of honest endeavour, when my Helen's absence is ever present! Nothing whatever! Ah, God—No!"

But she is, no less, a mistress of understatement. In *Irene Iddesleigh*, our heroine, once "the Belle of Canterbury," who has eloped to America with her former tutor, Oscar Otwell, is interrupted at breakfast by news of her husband's suicide:

Folding the letter and handing it to the officers, together with Oscar's card and photograph—all of which would prove indispensable for future use—Mrs. Otwell quietly moved again to the breakfast-table and, strange to say, finished her meal in silence.

Arguably, Mrs. Amanda Ros was of a peculiarity which only just missed genius.

Her prose style anticipates (all unconsciously) many of the more portentous "literary experiments" of to-day. The lady, born at Ballynahinch in 1860, died, still in Northern Ireland, early in 1939. *O Rare Amanda!*, apart from everything else, does justice to her noble eccentricity.



PORTRAIT PAINTERS' THOUSAND GUESTS

THE President and members of the R.P. gave an evening party recently at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. More than 1000 guests took a lively interest in the exhibits and there was also a buffet, and dancing in the West Gallery



Mrs. Audrey Bourke and the Hon. Max Aitken were greatly enjoying this festive and artistic occasion



Mr. Paul Wyeth and Miss Ellen Pollock, the actress, discuss his portrait of her, while her husband, Mr. James Proudfoot, listens



Left: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, who is the younger daughter of Viscount Greenwood, were here enjoying some refreshments in the South Gallery during an interval



Right: Mr. Maurice Codner, the hon. secretary of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, Mrs. F. H. Saville, Mrs. Brook, Miss Faith Brook, Mr. John Tullis and Mr. Clive Brook were chatting about exhibits

Motoring

Schoolboy Hangover



THE JAGUAR DROPHEAD COUPÉ is one of the new XK-140 range of sports models for 1955. These cars are capable of speeds up to 140 m.p.h. and they have a horse-power of 190



THE FIXED-HEAD COUPÉ is another of the new Jaguar sports models. These cars are successors to the very popular XK-120 type, and their good looks conceal immense stamina



THIRD OF THE XK-140 MODELS is this Jaguar open two-seater. The predecessor to this range, the XK-120, earned 40,000,000 dollars for Great Britain by their export to America

THE cult of the cryptogram is of comparatively recent origin. We have persuaded ourselves that everything has become so complicated that there is no time to talk in clear; we must always use letter groups. When we wish to discuss touring we speak of the ITA, never of the International Touring Alliance—unless, of course, we speak of the AIT or *Alliance Internationale de Tourisme*. When it comes to discussing the headlight regulations of the different countries we bring in the work of our own IEE, the IME, possibly the ASME, probably UT, WMO, PIBAL, and certainly the ICI or the CIE.

With the information that the last two-letter groups refer to the International Commission on Illumination, I will leave the abbreviation snobs to work out the others.

BUT there is a real danger in this passion for avoiding full titles: it is that we tend to forget the essence of what we are talking about. And the limit of ludicrousness is reached when a British Broadcasting Corporation announcer uses an abbreviation and then follows it with the full title by way of explanation. The abbreviation then leads to greater prolixity. So we must welcome the decision of the British Motor Corporation to issue a brochure telling its shareholders what the letters BMC mean.

People now talk about what "BMC" are doing, about the new "BMC engine"; about "BMC policy," and so on, and already the Corporation's origins and activities are being shrouded in misty misunderstandings. And even if it is the intention that the names of Austin and of Morris be forgotten, there is still need to recall the places of Cowley and Longbridge if the ordinary motorist is to have a clear idea of the organisation that is behind his car. The new British Motor Corporation book has thirty-two pages and gives a great many facts and figures about the Corporation which, I confess, are new to me.

The weekly bill for the 56,000 employees, for instance, is given as £600,000, and the production rate of more than 8,000 vehicles a week gives a percentage of about 45 of all cars on the roads of this country. And a production rate of 10,000 units a week is planned by next year. Altogether, I would say that this is not only an interesting, but also a useful little book.

OVERDOING a good thing, it is accepted, is a fault to be guarded against. It has happened with road signs and notices. May I suggest that the hundreds of highway authorities should get together and try to clear out redundant road signs. So doing they would be making the roads better-looking as well as safer.

One of the most puzzling road signs I know is that which reads: "Danger: aeroplanes crossing." It is to be found close to several aerodromes, and I wonder if those who spent the time and money in putting it up paused to think whether it could have any useful effect or whether it was simply one more thing to distract the driver's attention from the road and from other traffic.

What, for instance, is one supposed to do if one is driving a motor-car and sees an aeroplane approaching? Modern aeroplanes take-off and land at speeds in the region of 130 to 200 kilometres an hour (80 to 130 miles an hour). It may be asked what action the driver of a car can take to avoid a machine approaching at that kind of speed. Perhaps the notice means that the car-driver should stop, get out his binoculars and scan the sky before venturing farther. But even then the aeroplane can come into sight and cross his path before he can do anything about it.

SUCH is one kind of silly notice which should be taken down. Others are those which "welcome" careful drivers, or "thank" them and those which seek to divert responsibility. There must be thousands of roadside notices warning drivers that there is a concealed entrance or that lorries are entering or leaving the main road. There is no justification for such notices. It is the duty of those who move from a side turning or a gate or other opening into the main road to take care. Upon them rests, and should rest, the responsibility, notice or no notice.

IF, by the time these words appear, the link-up between Moss and Mercédès is confirmed, Jaguar will be called upon to adjust its team for several events. There is no doubt about Moss's standing as a driver. And he is right to seek cars which will give him the best chance of winning. If one regrets that he may be driving for foreign manufacturers, one must also feel that it is partly because our own manufacturers have been so slow in doing anything about Formula 1 cars.

But Jaguar have proved themselves the best of the sports car firms in the world by their triumphant work in competition. It would be peculiarly hard if one of our best, if not our best driver, were to be taken from them. And it is to be remembered that the new Jaguar XK-140 has already been ordered in vast quantity in America. It is, in fact, holding its position, and that position owes much to the background of competition successes, and especially to the Le Mans achievements.

MOTING and aviation personalities mingled at the installation ceremony of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire. Prince Philip, who is the Guild's Grand Master, presided. In the past I have had to complain of some of the arrangements; but this year the County Hall, Westminster, provided plenty of room and the seating arrangements were most efficiently contrived. Guests were received by Cap. David Brice, the retiring Master, and Mrs. Brice, and the new Master was duly installed. The Prince then presented the Guild's trophies, and it was sad that the Brackley trophy, which is for flying-boat achievements, could not be presented, although Geoffrey Tyson was given a scroll. He won the Trophy in the previous year.

—Oliver Stewart



Miss Mimi Davis, Mr. John Trevor and Miss Jane Houston-Boswell were enthusiastically discussing the prospects of the coming winter sports season

SEASONED SKIERS' CHEERFUL EVENING

THE Kandahar Ski Club, which in the persons of Arnold Lunn and Alan d'Egville first promoted that most famous of all downhill races, the Arlberg-Kandahar, held their annual dinner recently. This year dancing was successfully included in the programme, which was enjoyed by some 160 guests



Lady Wakefield, wife of Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., whose family regularly distinguish themselves in the skiing world, with Mr. Merlin Minshall



In deep discussion were Mrs. Irvin Aitchison and the Earl and Countess of Selkirk. The first Arlberg-Kandahar race was held in March 1928 at St. Anton, Vorarlberg



Three couples who were all enjoying the evening were Mr. J. G. Day and Miss Jill Mapley, Mr. Barry Clark and Miss Maureen Milliken, Mr. G. S. Morrison and Miss Susan Chaffer

WELL-PLACED SPOTS OF THE OCELOT





A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Here is the suit. Made of oatmeal-coloured tweed, collarless, single-breasted, with rounded basque and a straight skirt, it costs 20 gns. The hat (below), a copy of a French original, is a deep-fitting white mélusine cloche, stabbed through with a jewelled pin. It is priced at £15 15s. 0d.

PRESUMABLY the spots of the ocelot are as unchanging as those of the leopard, but they can alter entirely the look of one's most familiar suit. Shown opposite are a rounded tippet-collar and rather long, flat muff of finest ocelot from Bradleys, price 49 gns. each. They are worn with a hat and suit from Debenham and Freebody

—MARIEL DEANS



PUT CHARM IN FOCUS



John Cole

WITH midwinter hard upon us (writes Mariel Deans) the warmer and cosier fabrics develop an ever stronger appeal. Velvet particularly, with its close lustrous pile and its partyfied air combined with real warmth, is just what we need for the Christmas festivities that lie ahead. These two dresses, one in cotton velvet for the afternoon and one in silk velvet for the evening, should between them cover a wide range of engagements

The lustrous fall of velvet for midwinter parties

A double for the festivities

Below, and extreme left, a cleverly designed black velveteen afternoon dress from McDonalds of Glasgow. Notice its wide shoulder-to-shoulder boat neck, the very high placed braid-bound pockets and the long, close-fitting bodice line. Centre and right, fine black silk velvet makes this pretty ballet-length dinner frock, with its appliqué work of jet-centred flowers and very full skirt which springs from below the fitted hips. It is by Mercia, of Cavendish Place, W.1





*Sheepskin hedges
you with warmth*

THAT ubiquitous friend of man, the sheep, besides providing us with twin-sets, tweed suits and lamb chops, is also responsible for that warmest of all aids to winter comfort, sheepskin. It is (luckily for fashion) a long way from the tangled locks of the British Warm of World War One to these beautifully groomed barriers against the rigours of an English winter

Sheepskin comes to town. Very young lambs' skins are used for this beautiful Tescan fur coat of Mincella lamb, which brings to you luxury and warmth with an elegant swing. It is stocked by Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, W.1



John Cole

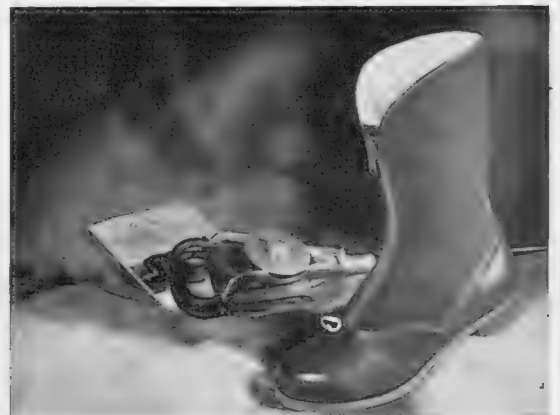
Sheepskin in the country. This wonderful tough-looking coat of natural, undyed sheepskin—just the thing to keep out the cold for bloodstock sales, motor racing, point-to-points and all other Arctic occasions—is from Harrods of Knightsbridge



Burberry's sheepskin gloves—warm without being bulky, and less affected by wet than fur-backed gloves



Morlands of Glastonbury make this ankle boot with sheepskin lining and the boot and slipper shown below



Zipped suede and willow calf boot, sheepskin lined, in Jacobean brown



Here is a sheepskin lined suede court slipper with corded piping, soft hide sole and wedge heel



These Italian sauce bowls, with lemon, fig and cucumber motifs, come in lovely colours. Complete with leaf dishes. Price 28s. 6d. each, from Woollands of Knightsbridge

Supper by the Fire

THE hostess in search of something original for informal meals will rejoice in novelties such as these, which will give a new twist to her entertaining — JEAN CLELAND



Left: Ideal for "in between" dishes and fireside meals is this folding stand and unusual tray with its coaching scenes. When not in use, the whole thing folds away. Stand £1 19s. 6d., tray £4 4s. From Harvey Nichols



Right: This "Domino Hot Pot," with its little nightlight, provides the hostess with a new and effective way of keeping the food hot. Price £1 19s. 6d., from Harrods

Acorn and fruit pepper and salt sets give a decorative touch to the table, and provide a pleasant surprise for the diner who asks for the condiments. Price 18s. 6d. pair in presentation box. Harrods

The new "Corn Spears," with stag handles, provide an elegant and tidy way of eating that delicious dish, corn on the cob. Price 14s. 3d. per pair, from Harrods



Dennis Smith



For smokers at the bridge table, Liberts have this apt match holder

What better answer to prayer than a neat little combined brush and mending set, sufficiently small to fit into the handbag? I was delighted to find this at Swan & Edgars. It is a "Viking" product and costs 25s. 9d., a small price to pay for the maintenance of a well-groomed appearance.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER delightful gadget for carrying in the handbag is an elegant little cut-glass bottle, described as a revolution in perfume sprays. With a smart gilt top, this is guaranteed leak-proof, and provides the means for giving a last-minute touch of scent on arrival at a party. Price 35s. from Woollands.

★ ★ ★

THOSE who enjoy a cigarette usually find that smoking and playing bridge go well together. The considerate hostess sees that her guests are well provided with everything to hand, including matches. Liberts in

Regent Street have a new kind of box that, with its playing card design, gives an original touch to the bridge table, and holds sufficient matches to keep even the most ardent smoker happy throughout the game. Price 6s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

SO many people have been interested in the dietary way to health and beauty advocated by Gayelord Hauser—of which I wrote some little while back—that I am glad to be able to give some further news about his famous health-giving broth. Harrods—who tell me that demands for the Hauser foods and recipes have been tremendous—are now serving the Hauser Broth in their Health Juice Bar, in addition to the usual vegetable and fruit juices. This broth is clear and hot, and is made of spinach, celery, carrots and tomato, lightly flavoured with honey. It is delicious, and costs 2s. a portion. One morning, when you are feeling cold and in need of a pick-me-up, I suggest you try it.

Shopping List

MENDING SET FOR THE TRAVELLER

IT is one thing to start off from home spick and span. To arrive at one's destination in the same immaculate condition is another. Too often one finds that there's many a slip twixt the house and the trip. One catches one's stocking, and in the wink of an eye, there's a ladder. If only one had something to stop it. One spills some cigarette ash, or brushes against something dusty, and the "spick" has gone from a black suit. If only there was something handy with which to give it a brush.



Ideal for the traveller. A brush-top mending set from Swan and Edgars



This scent-spray is a charming handbag accessory. Obtainable from Woollands

Beauty

Vote of thanks
to supporters

LIKE the donkey in the famous song from "Véronique," most of us at this time of year are trotting here, there and everywhere, with never a stop. Shopping, preparing for Christmas parties, stocking the larder, hanging up the holly and decorating the rooms. At the end of the day we drop into a chair, kick off our shoes, and give a groan, "Oh! My wretched feet." There's gratitude for you! From early morn our feet have been carrying us around, bearing a load of responsibility, and all they get is abuse. Never a thank you. Never a kind thought



JEAN CLELAND has a word in season to save you much foot soreness

No doubt about it, feet—speaking generally—are shamefully neglected. When it comes to a little care and consideration, they are the last to be considered, which is foolish, since they have a telling way of making themselves felt.

I say "telling," because feet tell a tale that shows on the face. A tale that produces wrinkles and lines that could easily be avoided.

With so many activities ahead, let us start at the bottom, and see what we can do to ensure putting a best foot forward for Christmas.

Feet, as we grow older, are inclined to get stiff, and one of the best treatments I know for keeping them supple is to wash them in hot water and scrub well with a soft nail-brush and a lavish lather of soap. Dry on a rough towel, and give a good rub to stimulate the circulation. Don't forget to dry well between the toes, as if any dampness is left here, it can lead to trouble.

Next, warm a little olive oil in a bowl, and use it to give a few minutes massage round the toes, and over and under the insteps. Carry the massage up from the ankles, towards the calves of the legs, using long firm strokes to brace up the underlying muscles. All this need take less than five minutes, but, as you work, you will find how quickly the feet respond to the softening effect of the oil, and to the strengthening effect of the massage.

WIPE the surplus oil off, and pat briskly with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in cold water and eau-de-Cologne. This closes the pores, helps to harden the skin, and is wonderfully refreshing. Dry off the moisture and puff liberally with boracic powder or talc. Shake a little extra powder (boracic or talc) into a clean pair of stockings, and you will feel as though you have a pair of new feet.

One of the things that bother many people who are on their feet a good deal during the day is the very uncomfortable condition known as "hard

callouses" under the ball of the foot. One of the causes of these is pressure, which can be greatly relieved by wearing supports. These supports can be had in different forms (separate ones that slip into the shoes, or neat little affairs that slip on underneath the stocking) and are well worth examining. The latter can be bought in the surgical departments of Boots the Chemists, who will also give advice regarding the heavier and stronger variety.

FOR actual treatment to eradicate the callouses, the best advice I can give you is to go to a chiropodist, who should be visited as regularly as a dentist. In between visits, the hard skin can be kept down by rubbing the ball of the foot gently with pumice stone two or three times a week, while in the bath.

During the winter months, many people suffer from cold feet to an extent which sometimes results in chilblains. This can be greatly obviated by wearing special socks in the shoes, made of Dols flannel. The comfort and warmth given by these socks has to be experienced to be believed. When the reverse—hot feet—is the trouble, Dr. Scholl's Cloro-Vent Foam Insoles are the things to wear. Impregnated with chlorophyll, these ensure freshness, while at the same time providing a soft "spongy" base which makes for ease and comfort.

Much can be done to prevent ache and fatigue by keeping the feet up whenever you have a chance during the day. To put them up on a foot-stool or a low chair when you come in after shopping is a simple matter, and, by relieving pressure, it pays wonderfully good dividends.

ONE of the quickest and most effective ways of refreshing the feet after a busy day is to put them, for a few minutes, into a basin containing Epsom salts. Fill the basin with warm water and throw in about a tablespoonful of salts. Soak the feet in this, then rinse them with cold water and pat with eau-de-Cologne. If the ache is due to rheumatism, great relief can be had by using a product called "Luma," which is an anti-rheumatic compound with a therapeutic agent which acts through the pores of the skin. "Luma" can be had at most good chemists, and to make it more effective, the joints and muscles should be gently massaged while the feet are immersed.

Prolonged standing may cause the ankles to swell temporarily, and the best way of relieving this is to wrap them lightly round with handkerchiefs soaked in cold water and witch hazel. This helps to reduce inflammation and disperse the swelling.



A decorative way of keeping dusting powder ready to hand: powder bowls from Italy, at 25s. each from Marshall & Snelgrove

New—for Christmas 1954

PRINCE GOURIELLI

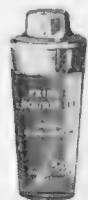
Exclusive Toiletries for Men!



This austere handsome gift set by Prince Gourielli includes Tonic Hair Groom, Talcum Powder for Men and After-Shave Lotion 42/6.

We'll appreciate these new cocktail-shaker flasks
—the very masculine scent
—the sheer luxury of your gift

What to give a best friend, brother, husband, fiance, uncle or father for Christmas? Here is the answer — as personal, as correct, as masculine as you want. Choose from this new exclusive range of toilet preparations by PRINCE GOURIELLI. Using the resources of the famous laboratories of his wife, renowned cosmetician Helena Rubinstein, Prince Artchil Gourielli has designed toiletries for men and men only. They are the finest that modern science can devise and money can buy. Their discreet scent has a rugged freshness that is purely male. And the original cocktail-shaker flasks are both elegant and practical.



Tonic Hair Groom

A vitamin-enriched non-greasy dressing to condition the hair 15/6



After Shave Lotion

Soothes, tones and feeds the tenderest skin after shaving 15/6



Talcum for Men

After-bath talcum powder with special deodorant properties 7/9



Eau de Cologne

A freshener for after-bath and after-shave luxury. 19/6



Shaving Cream Bowl

Super-soft for tough beards and tender skins. 10/9



Tonic Hair Shampoo

A soapless shampoo combining anti-dandruff agents 7/9

Also Men's Soap — 3 man-sized tablets in special gift box — 10/9

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Available from leading stores and chemists

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Yards and yards of stocking cap! Wear it flowing down your back or twisted round as a scarf. Bright stripes on Grounds of Red, Royal White or Black. £1. 17. 6. White string gloves, ribbed wool lined throughout, in Bright Red. 25/-

Post & Pkg. 9d. extra.

Welcome gifts for wintry weather, fur ear muffs with headband — in White, Brown or Black. 29/6. (Not illus.) Devil caps for adults or children. In wool, close fitting, in Red, Yellow, Black and other bright colours. 10/-



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9d. extra.

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SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Yevonde

Miss Melian Jane Denham, daughter of the late Brig. M. W. Denham, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Denham, of Imperial Court, W.8, is to marry Mr. G. P. Roffe-Silvester, son of the Rev. C. G. and Mrs. Roffe-Silvester, of Clayhidon, Devon



Armstrong Jones

Miss Sara Gordon Lennox, only daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Lord Esmé Gordon Lennox and of Lady Esmé Gordon Lennox, of Abingdon Court, W.8, is engaged to Mr. Gerald Dennis, eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Dennis, of Coles Hill House, Buntingford, Herts



Harlip

Miss Caroline Keeling, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Keeling, of Hurst House, Sellescombe, Sussex, has recently announced her engagement to Herr Herbert Seitz, son of Herr Rudolph Seitz and Frau Seitz, of Lohr Main, Bavaria



Fayer

Miss Jennifer S. M. Cardiff, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Erelid Cardiff, of Easton Court, Ludlow, now at S.H.A.P.E., Paris, is to marry Mr. Richard Ernest Butler Lloyd, son of Major Sir Guy Lloyd, D.S.O., D.L., M.P., and Lady Lloyd, of Rhu, Dumbartonshire



Bassano

Miss Virginia Anne Peto, eldest daughter of the late Major John Peto, and of Mrs. Peto, of The Cottage, Thursley, Surrey, is to marry in April Mr. Gerard W. Morgan-Grenville, younger son of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Midhurst, Sussex



Pearl Freeman

Miss Ann Sheppard, only child of Brig. and Mrs. O. S. G. Sheppard, of Arlington House, Bibury, Glos, is engaged to Mr. James Frederick Heaton, youngest son of the late Sir Frederick Heaton, and of Lady Heaton, of Ashbrook House, Ampney St. Mary, Cirencester, Glos



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TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI



... an unequalled collection of jewellery, gold, silverware and many lovely articles of purpose and great beauty from which you will be able to choose the ideal Christmas gift — useful, beautiful and lasting — to suit your purse and to delight your friends.



Steel and chrome
£7.0.0



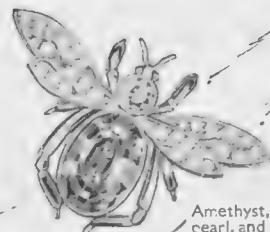
9-carat gold
£56.5.0



Diamond
£600.0.0



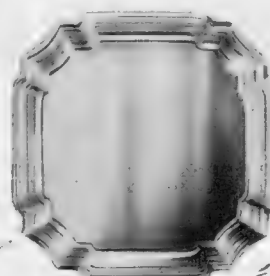
Diamond
double clip
£300.0.0



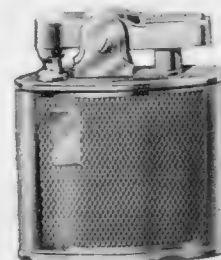
Amethyst, zircon,
pearl, and 9-carat gold
£29.0.0



Diamond
£270.0.0



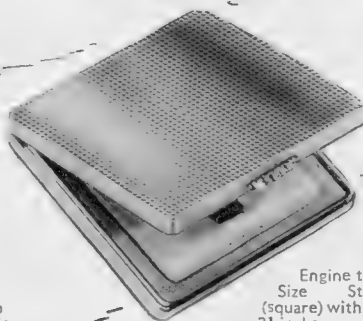
Sterling silver Ash Tray
reproduced from the antique
3 1/4 inches square £3.12.6



Engine-turned
Ronson Lighter
Sterling silver £6.6.0
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Seal grain morocco
Jewel Case, 8 x 5 1/2 ins.
Colours: mist blue, scarlet
and emerald green
£6.2.6



Size	Sterling silver	9-carat gold
(square) with 9-carat gold lip		
2 1/4 inches	£13.5.0	£66.0.0
2 1/2 inches	£14.2.6	£75.10.0
3 inches	£15.5.0	£83.10.0

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THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



DAVIES—RAMSDEN

Mr. Peter Davies, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Davies, of Mouille Point, Capetown, South Africa, was married to Miss Valerie Lois Ramsden, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ramsden, of Park Lodge, Stone, Staffordshire, at Aston by Stone Church



TENNANT—FAIRBAIRN

Mr. Julian W. F. Tennant, son of Mr. E. W. D. Tennant, of Orford House, Ugley, Herts, and of Mrs. E. Tennant, of Tasmania, married Miss Miranda Fairbairn, daughter of the late Mr. Sydney Fairbairn and of Mrs. Fairbairn, of Hans Road, S.W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



CAMERON—MACKIE

Lieutenant Thomas Guthrie Cameron, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Cameron, of Portobello, Midlothian, married Miss Helen Mackie, daughter of Mr. G. Mackie of Muswell Hill, London, and of Mrs. K. Hardy, of Fontwell, Sussex, at Littlehampton



TWINING—BENNETT

Mr. John Peter Twining, elder son of Sir Edward and Lady Twining, of Government House, Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, and of Redehurst, Godalming, married Miss M. A. (Jane) Bennett, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. J. H. D. Bennett, of Moy Lodge, West Byfleet, at St. Stephen's Church, Rochester Row



BING—ARBUTHNOTT

Lieut. Cdr. (E) Peter J. Bing, R.N., of R.N.A.S., Arbroath, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bing, of Hurtis Hill House, Crowborough, Sussex, was married to Miss Christian K. Arbuthnott, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. R. K. Arbuthnott, of Craigview House, Montrose, Scotland, at St. Peter's Church, Montrose

A Yeast-Ray Permanent

— that's Raymond's latest!

The ancients knew the magic of yeast. Perhaps the Assyrians crimped their beards with it.

Who knows? Who cares, either?

Now, at any rate, Raymond (no ancient, he!)

waves your hair with it;
and in half the usual time.

There's no hair so difficult that
a Yeast Perm won't "take"—and quickly.
For there's life in yeast; it puts life into your hair.

Feeds it. Strengthens it. Beautifies it.

Glorifies it. How soon?



Raymond



18 GRAFTON STREET • MAYFAIR • LONDON (MAYFAIR 9847)
18 ALBEMARLE STREET • MAYFAIR • LONDON (HYDE PARK 6572)
39 BROMPTON ROAD • KNIGHTSBRIDGE • LONDON (KNIGHTSBRIDGE 4411)
BOURNE COURT • BOURNEMOUTH (BOURNEMOUTH 6161)
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A gleaming emphasis in Gold,
Silver or Copper.
It paints on—it washes out.
10/6 a bottle at the Salons
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Salons de Coiffure



MONTE CARLO

*with a chance to
break the bank!*

Bless the Chancellor for that £100 currency allowance! Now you can follow the sun to glorious Monte Carlo and revel in the mild Mediterranean climate. Naturally you'll stay at the HOTEL METROPOLE. You'll relish its wonderful food, marvel at its excellent service and relax in its cosy comfort. And you'll still have enough currency for a flutter at the nearby Casino.

Information and Reservation from
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Tel: Monaco 01744.

Reservations can also be made through
the May Fair and Grosvenor Hotels—
London, or to Etienne R. Cottet, General
Manager, Gordon Hotels Ltd., 11 Hobart
Place, London, S.W.1.

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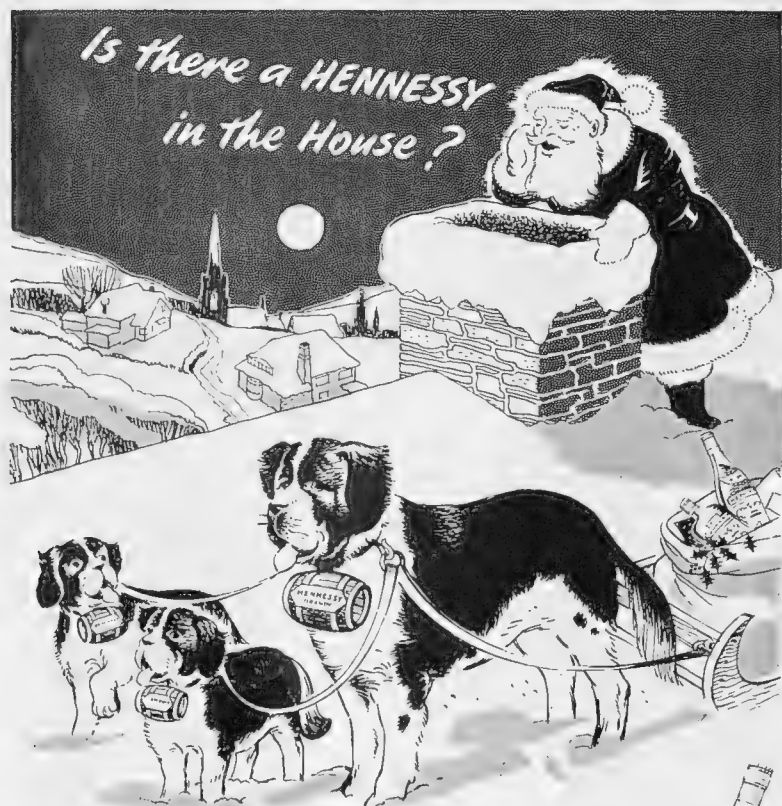


No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most heavenly apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one at once. Garçon!



LILLET

is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon—or with one-third gin.



Make sure of YOUR
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
this Christmas!



Derek Allen
ENID BLYTON, most celebrated of all children's writers of today, with Bunny May who plays the name part in her *Noddy in Toyland*, which opens shortly at the Stoll. It is the first play by this prolific writer, who has some 350 books to her credit

Books [Continuing from page 712]

The Postwar Nightmare in Germany

AFTER THE FLOOD, by Prince Constantine of Bavaria (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 16s.), gives us a series of word-pictures which serve to answer a haunting question—what, exactly, did go on in Germany during the years immediately following the 1945 collapse? How were formerly "ordinary" lives lived? How, if at all, did "lost" persons re-emerge? How far did crooks and imposers profit by the chaos? What were the first signs of returning life (that is, before any overall "recovery" programme could be planned) in bewildered countrysides and bomb-stunned small towns?

Prince Constantine (who had been imprisoned by the Nazis) was returning, not long after the last battle had ceased, to his home, Nymphenburg, palace of the kings of Bavaria. On his way, he passed by Dachau and witnessed some of the phantasmagoric scenes which attended liberation by the Americans—former prisoners dressing themselves up in the uniforms of the former guards, the crashing escape of a party of "human guinea-pigs," disease-injected, in an American lorry.

From Dachau emerged the bizarre figure of Oulman, who was to carve out for himself such a career before reality caught up with him.

THE chapter entitled "Identities" deals partly with transformations by face-surgery, and their baffling results, partly with muddles and lost papers—the nightmare of being unable to prove that one is oneself! The story told by the little maid at the inn, the device by which she tried to rejoin her husband, has, for all its sadness, innocent beauty.

No foreigner (that is, to Germany) could have written this book. These years had many observers: few knew the background. Prince Constantine adds to inherited understanding a deep compassion—both give something unique to *After The Flood*.

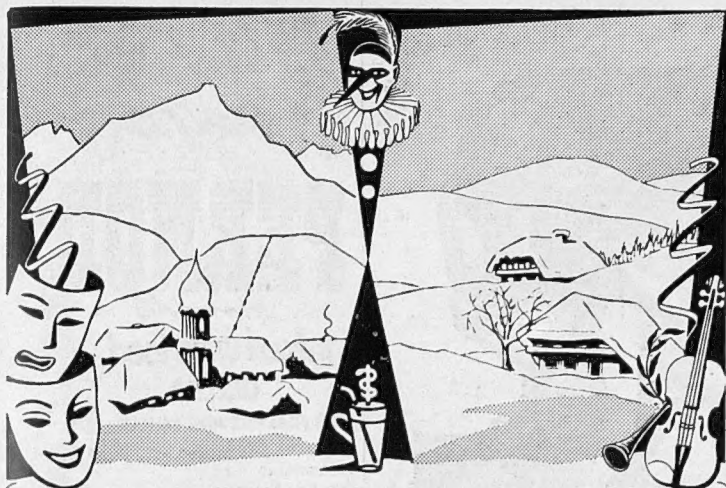
Other Book Suggestions

JINNAH, by Hector Bolitho (John Murray, 18s.), first biography in English of Mahommed Ali Jinnah, the creator of Pakistan, has been written with the active support of the Pakistan Government. Political and national material was made accessible to the author: result, full background to a striking character-study.

★ ★ ★

HOMEBOODIES (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.) is a splendid new album of Charles Addams drawings. All old friends, with their horrid ways, reappear. What better Christmas gift—if your friends can take it? If they can't, keep this treasure yourselves.

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Any Time is Travel Time in GERMANY

Inquiries and leaflets from your travel agent or the German Tourist Information Bureau, 6 Vigo Street, Regent Street, London, W.1

The Kurverwaltungen of spas and winter sports resorts will be glad to supply detailed lists of hotels located in their communities.

Special information on German spas to be requested from the Deutsche Baederverband, Bonn, Lotharstrasse 19.



Upper Bavaria

Int: Fremdenverkehrsverband München-Oberbayern, München 15, Sonnenstr. 24

Berchtesgadener Land Winter Paradise and Skiers Dream
in magnificent Alpine landscape, peace and recreation, sun promenade. 2 cable railways — ski lifts — skiing — tobogganing — ice sports. Warm and comfortable accommodation in hotels, pensions and country houses. Full board 17/— to 41/—, all included.

German Alpine Ski Championship from February 17 to 20, 1955.

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Garmisch-Partenkirchen the world famous wintersports resort
Centre of wintersports and social events from December to the end of March. — Olympic Ice Stadium — Ski-Stadium — Bobsleigh run — 4 Mountain railways — 7 Ski lifts. Well kept walks for promenaders — Sunny altitude — Ski and skating school.

Accommodation to suit all tastes and pockets. Full board with no extras from 17/— to 43/— per day.

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ARKHOTEL ALPENHOF most up-to-date hotel — best central location adjoining the Kurpark. Full pension from 34/— to 48/—. Owner: H. Kilian.

HOTEL SCHONBLICK in the middle of a large park. Every comfort, rest and recreation. Full pension from 27/—, Owner: Fritz Stanner.

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Freiburg and Schauinsland (Black Forest—880 to 4200 ft.)
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The Englishman's Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

*To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier



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1949 LIEBFRAUMILCH
'BLACKFRIARS'
LABEL

Not too sweet,
not too dry—
excellent with
any main course

At your
Wine Merchants

S. F. & O. HALLGARTEN, London, E.C.3

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In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

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Both commemorate, only one serves. This year calls for special thought of Miss Nightingale and her Hospital, which is neither controlled nor supported by the State. Here as Lady Superintendent, she proved herself and her genius. Send in gratitude, a Gift to the Appeal Secretary, Florence Nightingale Hospital, 19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1.



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"You're in
excellent
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Charles..."

"How so?"

"...with two
CINZANOS in
your
hands!"

Cinzano, the very name feels good on the tongue! This is real vermouth prepared from grapes grown specially for the purpose and enriched by a recipe famous for more than 100 years. Cinzano RED, of course, is now firmly established, amongst those who know, as the perfect vermouth. Cinzano WHITE is new to this country. It has a special and intriguing flavour difficult to describe but sheer delight to enjoy.

Drink Cinzano RED or WHITE on its own to savour its bouquet, fullness and subtle flavour. But if you want to use either for cocktails, you'll find that both are grand mixers in any way you choose.

A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT
The Cinzano Gift case contains one large bottle of Cinzano Dry and one of Cinzano Sweet; a book of cocktail recipes; a bunch of cocktail sticks and a handsome cocktail shaker. Attractively wrapped for Christmas.



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GENUINE VERMOUTH

SWEET: WHITE OR RED FROM ITALY 17/- per bottle
DRY FROM FRANCE 18/- per bottle

There are also ½ bottles at 9/- and 9/6 respectively.

...in Paris
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PERNOD

Pernod fils
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IT'S FRANCE'S MOST FAMOUS
APERITIF!

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GIFTS ESPECIALLY THESE LOVELY COX'S

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40 lbs. 60/-, 20 lbs.
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"... and one for

the HOME -

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